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AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY C. E. S.

Never a star in the primrose sky
  But we looked at it, we, together;
No crimson streak in the sunset West,
  No rift in the gray wet weather,
Never a rose on the climbing tree,
  Nor bunch of wild purple heather,

Never a night when the snow outside
  Drove white 'gainst the creaking shutter,
And the shadows grew on the wainscot wall,
  And the Yule log leaped with a splutter,
But we sat together, we girls and boys,
  Caring naught for the wind's wild mutter.

We were together—oh, happy word!—
  We birds in our nest still keeping,
Thinking perchance that no end could come
  To glad days of waking and sleeping,
Forgetting that life is a lesson stern
  To be learned in the school of weeping.

To-night I sit by the fire alone,
  And watch the embers dying,
Out of the shadows of by-gone years
  Old voices are calling and crying;
I can hear the song that we used to sing
  In the fields where the dew was lying.

O shadows, stay in my lonely heart
  While I rest in the calm of even!
O dear lost faces, we meet again,
  The joy of our youth regiven!
Oh, guide me, draw me, with hands out stretched,
  Till we meet on the stair of Heaven!

THE KING'S RUBIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE house was declared to be haunted; no one would go near it even in broad daylight. It stood in a large garden, and was so hidden by trees and rank vegetation that it could not be seen from the high road.

The entrance gate was at the end of a narrow lane, and the only other way of approaching the house was by walking across the dreary fields by which it was almost surrounded.

It was an old-fashioned, long, low house, and every part of it was in a dilapidated condition.

No one in the neighborhood could remember its being inhabited; and, while quite a large community had grown up in the immediate neighborhood, the house had been neglected and apparently forgotten by its owner.

Even the crime which had been committed there, and which was supposed to have been the cause of its being haunted, was not a distinct tradition—something had happened, but no one knew the precise details.

Rumor said that the house belonged to some one in the country, who could not let it at any price. Consequently, when it became known that an old woman had been seen about the place, she was set down as mad—probably some dependant of the owner, whom he permitted to take shelter there.

The old woman was as mysterious as the house itself, for, though she occasionally went to the nearest shop for supplies and paid for them, no one could find out where the money came from.

She never answered questions, and was so uncouth that at last the neighbors gave up all attempts to satisfy their curiosity.

One dull wet night in the spring, the patrol having just past, two men turned in at the broken gate of the house. One looked like a coachman; the other, a slim short man, wore a shabby overcoat and a low-crowned hat.

They passed swiftly and noiselessly on to the grass within the gloom of the trees, and went up to the door.

"Do you think they're here yet, Mat?" inquired the man in the overcoat.

"Sure to be. Jem was at the 'Chequers' to day, and he told me he'd slip in along of Linton."

As he spoke he tapped at the door, which was immediately opened, and the two men men passed into a passage faintly illuminated by the light from a room on one side.

"Linton's here," said the person who had admitted them.

No greeting passed between the three, and they all entered the room, the last one shutting the door behind them.

The room was dimly lighted by one candle, the scanty furniture was worm-eaten, the shutters hung across the windows as if they were barely held together by the rusty bars, the carpet was in tatters and colorless, the walls were green with damp, and strips of ragged paper hung down them.

There was an odor of gin and dirt about the place. If happy people had ever lived there, it must have been many years ago.

The men gathered round the table were in keeping with the room. Low-browed, coarse of feature, and unwashed, they seemed outcasts of society. The one exception was the young man in the overcoat.

His hair and close beard were decently kept, his hands were clean and well shaped; he was the only one of the party who appeared to be oppressed by his surroundings, for he had shivered as he sank into a rickety chair.

"How do, Jasper?" he said curtly, nodding towards one of the men already in the room.

"How do?" was the response. The speaker looked at the young man with an expression in which apprehension and amusement were mingled. "You don't like the crib?" he added. "What's wrong with it?"

"Did I say there was anything wrong with it?" said the young man. "Don't be a fool, Jasper. How much gin have you and Jem been drinking?"

"Have some?" suggested Jasper.

"No, thanks," replied the young man. "I want to keep my head cool. Is the place safe, Jasper?"

"Safe as the stone jug," declared Jasper Linton with a laugh, which was echoed by the other two men. "It's full of ghosts."

"What—haunted?" exclaimed the young man, glancing round furtively.

"You ain't afraid, are you," sneered Jasper—"you that have got the brains among us? It's all the better 'tis haunted—no one dares come near. There's a story about a murder years gone by; and I'd an awful job to find out the landlord. But he turns out to be an old party as lives in the country, and only too glad to get a penny for this hole."

"Didn't want no references, I suppose," said Mat, sarcastically.

"No—he didn't; but that could have been managed easily—a mere nothing," replied Linton. "He ain't particular, anyhow, as to what it's wanted for or who the parties are that wrote. There's those fields at the back, and these cellars under the garden."

"P'r'aps the man's body as was murdered was put down there," said Jem, lighting a dirty pipe.

"Who told you it was murder?" inquired the young man sharply. "I wish you would leave off talking about ghosts and murders, and leave off drinking that gin, too; you'll all be under the table before I can explain my ideas. The place will do for a time, at any rate; it's better than Kennington, anyhow."

"Seeing as how the 'tec's' were down on us—yes, it is," said Jem, with a guffaw. "They won't find this place out in a hurry."

"How about the distance?" inquired Linton.

"Oh, it didn't take long," answered Mat. "Dick said it was all right."

"Hang Dick!" exclaimed Linton. "As if he was everybody."

"So I am," said Dick coolly. "You couldn't get along so well without me."

"You two are always fighting," interposed Jem Dawson. "Hold your tongue, Linton. "You know Dick's right, and we shouldn't turn out the neat jobs we do without 'im. Who thought of this plan we're a-goin' on now but 'e?"

"All very fine," growled Linton; "but it takes a precious lot of money; and we made a pile before, when we had Varcoe. My eye—the go of that chap."

"Varcoe got lagged," said Dick, with incisive contempt.

"And none of us ain't yet," interjected Mat. "That's why the the 'tec's' call us 'The Invincibles.'"

"So we are," declared Dick proudly. "And, if you'll mind me, we'll stick to the name and deserve it. Varcoe was a fool and got found out; and—— Anyhow, his time isn't up."

"Will be soon, though," muttered Jasper.

"I dare say; but it isn't yet," persisted Dick. "Now I've got an idea in my head—have had ever since that last successful affair. We can do without Varcoe; he was slippery sometimes—had fads. And, besides, this won't be a matter for dash. You know those rubies?"

"You don't mean——" whispered Linton.

"Yes—I do."

"You idiot!" exclaimed Linton, glad of an opportunity to give vent to his irritation. "Do you suppose they are scattered about for us to pick up?"

"It's you who are the idiot," said Dick, not greatly ruffled by the accusation of stupidity. "They're in the bank, of course—I've found out all about them; but I think we can get them."

"How?" inquired Jem eagerly. "I'd like to know how."

"I don't know myself yet. But I shall find a way if only you'll all consent. It'll be one of the biggest hauls we've had; we might almost retire. They're Burmah rubies, remember—the costliest, the largest, and the finest in color—worth thousands!"

Dick, the boldest and coolest spirit in the gang, looked calmly at the eager faces before him.

"Isn't it worth the risk?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" cried the others.

"And there mayn't be risk," Dick went on. "You understand? There mayn't be any. I don't see my way yet—I'll have to work it out. But I've never failed yet—have I? The most impossible, the most dangerous schemes, that you all scouted at first—haven't I led you on and won?"

"Ay, so you have, Dick—so you have!"

"Ay, with Varcoe," added Jasper Linton sneeringly.

"Varcoe? He couldn't manage this—not my way. 'Tisn't in his line," said Dick. "Now is it settled?"

"We're the 'Invincibles!'" cried Mat and Jem. "Come, Linton—don't be a sneak! Give in, because we mean to do it."

"Come, Jasper," said Dick persuasively. "We shall all make our fortunes, and Varcoe shall have his share. Will that do?"

"Linton only praises up Varcoe to pull you down," said Jem, laughingly. "It's settled. You go in and win, Dick, and let's have a drink all round! Hang Varcoe! I goes in with you, Dick!"

By this time the room was hazy with the fumes from strong tobacco, and the dim light burning were feebly as the candle sank lower in the socket.

Dick—who, though the youngest of the party, was certainly the leader—drew his chair to the table; and they all sat round talking in low tones and in a jargon peculiar to their "profession."

Dick and Linton were the principal talkers; the others listened and questioned, and appeared generally to approve. Dick was the first to move.

"I must be off now," he said. "So that's all settled. And, Jem, we'll see to the plate as sharp as Long Billy can get it done. Mind that, Jem! And we mustn't meet here often—'tisn't safe. You bring the money on Monday, Jasper, and perhaps by then I shall have hit upon some plan. Good night, all! Come, Mat—you and I'll get away first."

They all said "Good night," and the old woman, whom they called "Liz," was summoned.

Dick and Mat stepped out on to the garden path, and went as silently as they had come down to the gate. The others stood listening in the dark.

"There's the wheels," said Linton—"there ain't another sound. Wait a minute."

The two listened with a keenness that was the result of long practice. The place was not many miles from London—not very far from Hamstead—but there were the intense stillness of the country and its darkness.

"All right!" whispered Jasper. "Look up Liz. Come along, Jem."

And the two men vanished in the gloom of the lane.

CHAPTER II.

"EDSDAILE, are you going to Mrs. Gifford's?"

"I don't know any reason why I should."

The first speaker was a pretty little woman, sitting in a London drawing-room; her companion was a young man, apparently under thirty.

His eyes were a deep velvety-blue, his face was finely cut, and his light silky moustache scarcely concealed a firm delicate mouth.

He looked at little Lady Wyndham rather quizzically, and she tossed her head pectulantly as she replied—

"Don't you know I am going?"

"I'm not at all surprised," said Esdaile. "I should however be very much surprised to see myself there."

"Pray why? Mrs. Gifford is a perfectly proper and very charming person. Ted doesn't mind my going. We are not so wedded to caste as you are, though to be sure we are not like some people who date back to the early Henrys—we are only James I."

"Very good descent indeed. Can Mrs. Gifford boast as much?"

"You're like the Irishwoman who marched into a house, and, pointing at its mistress, said, 'Thrace me that woman!' You can't go through life like that. If a woman is nice and handsome, and keeps a good house, one really doesn't want to have her pedigree, as you do when you buy a dog or a horse. It's no good your laughing, Esdaile; but you always laugh at me."

"Poor Mabel! May I say you look 'so charming' when I'm teasing you?" said Esdaile. "But you must acknowledge Mrs. Gifford isn't up to form."

"A great many people are not, yet you visit them. You are fond of going to see those artist people—the Dornton. Mrs. Dornton, you know, is not as nice as Mrs. Gifford."

"Mrs. Dornton is delightful!" declared Esdaile. "She doesn't aspire to Mayfair. Besides, one does not make those distinctions in the artistic professions. Mrs. Gifford, I grant, was very charming to me when you and I met her in the Park; but then——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Finish!" said Lady Wyndham, severely.

"She wants to get into society," added Esdaile. "Who is she?"

"The widdow of a Mr. Gifford, a gentleman of means," answered Lady Wyndham, sedately. "Every gentleman doesn't marry quite his equal: we shall have you marrying that Winn girl, who is your tenant's daughter."

"Very likely," said Esdaile, laughing. "Who told you of her existence?"

"Ted did, after he was with you at Leigh's Hollow. Well, now, will you come? I dare say we shall meet some odd people there; but that will be fun. And I've really no one else to go with. Ted is engaged, and you know how I hate going alone."

"My dear girl, why in the world didn't you say so at once?" said Esdaile. "I'd have said yes, if Mrs. Gifford had been your discharged cook. Of course I'll take you. When shall I call? And may I bring you your flowers?"

Mabel looked at him softly, and he smiled.

"So anxious to make it up?" she queried. "Yes, you may bring the flowers if you won't spend a fortune on them. It was all my fault, Derek, rousing you upon one of your weak points. Can't you come to dinner?"

"I wish I could—I asked some fellows to dinner. I'll call—when? Half-past ten?" He rose and crossed over to her, and took her hand. "I must be off now; and I dare say you have had enough of me. Good-bye! Tell Ted I'll take care of you."

"You always do that," she said. "Half-past ten, or even later will do. Mrs. Gifford lives in Montague Street."

Esdaile bowed, and promised to be punctual. He would rather not have gone; but he was always glad to please Mabel Windham, and it would not be necessary to cultivate Mrs. Gifford because he went to her house once. He anticipated a dull affair, and his surmises received confirmation when he and his companion ascended the stairs and entered the drawing rooms. The place was filled with a decidedly mixed assemblage; and, as Esdaile and Lady Wyndham made their way through the groups, the young man glanced dubiously at the pretty face at his side.

"That's where the fun comes in," she whispered. "I like Bohemia."

"So do I—the real thing," he answered. "There is Mrs. Gifford. How handsome she looks in evening dress!"

"Very quiet and charming," remarked Lady Wyndham, critically examining the delicate silk worn by the hostess, who, catching sight of the newcomers, moved towards them.

"How do you do, dear Lady Wyndham?" she exclaimed, shaking hands cordially. "Mr. Esdaile, I'm delighted to see you! I hardly thought I should have had the pleasure."

"The pleasure is mine," said Esdaile, bowing over her shapely hand.

It was his own fault if he was not satisfied with Mrs. Gifford; she had left him in no doubt of his welcome, and she was certainly a handsome and attractive woman, with bright black eyes and glossy hair.

She had a quick pleasant smile, and she talked with more animation than most of the people whom Esdaile was in the habit of meeting.

"Are you musical, Mr. Esdaile?" inquired Blanche Gifford. "I know Lady Windham is."

"He's quite a fanatic," declared her ladyship.

"I think that is a virtue," said Esdaile. "I plead guilty with a light heart."

Lady Wyndham was at this point accosted by a friend, and Esdaile resigned her.

"I'm afraid, then, you've missed a treat," said Mrs. Gifford, smiling. "Monsieur Dellard, the French pianist, has been playing."

"But I dare say he will play again," returned Esdaile. He drew forward some chairs, and, as he and Mrs. Gifford sat down, he began chatting the usual society nothings; he thought they would please his hostess more than anything else. He was amused by the air with which she had mentioned the French pianist, and he trembled for the rest of the music. If Mabel would only want to go home early!

But suddenly he heard a voice from the adjoining room that made him turn his head quickly, with a warm flush on his cheeks and a light in his eyes. It was a woman's voice, rich, full, sympathetic, the notes ringing out as if to sing were infinite joy to the singer.

"Who is that?" inquired Esdaile under his breath.

Mrs. Gifford looked at him with a covert smile. He must know who it was; he had evidently some reason for assuming ignorance.

"Haven't you heard her before?" she asked, in an incredulous tone.

"What a detestable woman!" thought the young man patiently. "And what a fool I am to have been taken by surprise! No," he replied aloud; "the voice is quite strange to me. Will you kindly enlighten me?"

"She is a professional," said Mrs. Gifford disparagingly.

"Oh, yes!" Esdaile said, with a smile.

"That is easily perceived, is it not?" said Blanche, taking her cue readily. "I believe she is still studying—a Miss Maubray—I forget who mentioned her to me. Would you care to come into the other room? I am glad you are pleased with my singer!"

Esdaile gave her his arm, and they passed slowly into the smaller drawing-room. He was anxious to see the possessor of a voice that had so thrilled him. She would be young—one could be sure of that; but she would probably be disappointing in other ways—people so rarely had more than one gift.

He could not gratify his curiosity for some minutes; a phalanx of men and women blocked the doorway, and no further progress could be made. Esdaile waited impatiently and talked to Mrs. Gifford until somebody moved; then his desire was gratified.

Disappointing! The singer was like a fairy princess. She had just risen from the piano, and one hand lay upon it while she replied to a compliment, a smile on her lovely mobile lips.

Suddenly she raised her eyes, and Esdaile noted that they were dark velvety-brown, in striking contrast to the gold of her hair. She was a tall slender young girl, in a black dress of a soft silkly material, with cream-colored lace round the square cut neck and falling over her beautiful shapely arms.

Esdaile did not realize how intently he was looking at her until he was recalled to the present by the consciousness that Mrs. Gifford was looking wonderingly at him.

"You are impressed," she said, smiling, as his eyes fell.

"Will you introduce me?" he pleaded.

"Oh, certainly! I believe you are very much in professional society, are you not? This young lady, I suppose, will go into the concert-room?"

"She ought with so divine a voice," said Esdaile. Two thoughts flashed through his mind—he was glad he had come, and Mrs. Gifford's reference to the concert room was exceedingly distasteful.

"Here she is," Mrs. Gifford was saying, as the group around the piano dispersed, and Derek Esdaile was standing before the fairy princess, with a homage in his heart and a throbbing of his pulses he had never felt in the presence of any other woman.

CHAPTER III.

"MISS MAUBRAY," said Mrs. Gifford, "I am told that Mr. Esdaile is a musical fanatic; and no doubt he would be happy to have you sing the whole evening."

She went away to speak to someone else, and Esdaile said, with an unconsciously soft intonation:—

"There is no doubt of my happiness; I am very doubtful about yours."

She glanced up at him, with a smile that was as charming as her voice.

"I dare say you would get tired sooner than I should," she replied.

"Oh, no!" declared Esdaile, hastily, and so earnestly that he startled himself. "One doesn't hear a voice like yours every day. I can't tell you the deep pleasure you have given me."

"You are very kind," she said simply. "It is so much easier to sing to real lovers of music. But you did not like the song, did you?"

"I am afraid I wasn't quite able to judge. That is no flattery indeed!"—as she looked up at him archly. "I was spell-bound by the voice. You will sing again?"

"Yes—I shall be sure to sing again," the girl answered, with a smile that troubled him.

Bound to do as she was asked, hired at so much for so many songs! No one was taking much notice of her. If she had had a great name, the idiots would have been crowding around her; but they could not recognize a glorious gift till they were told it was there. While these bitter thoughts possessed him, Esdaile said—

"May I take you to the tea-room?"

"No, thanks," she replied.

"Perhaps you will sit here, then?" he suggested, leading her to an unoccupied lounge.

As they sat down she wondered whether Mrs. Gifford would like this very handsome guest to be dancing attendance upon the professional singer—for, though she had been treated by that lady with much consideration, she had been made to feel what her position really was, and that she was not on the same footing as the other guests.

Yet it would have been very easy to have simply introduced Mr. Esdaile, allowed time for the usual compliments, and then have left the singer to herself or to some one else. Before she had thought this out clearly the young man by her side was asking her some question which caused them to plunge into a musical chat.

It was delightful to watch her animated face, the lips that quivered with feeling, the dark eyes that were raised so frankly to his face; it was delightful, too, to rouse her ready enthusiasm.

Unlike many professionals, she was cultured, and she did not talk of herself. More than once, when he tried to divert the conversation into a personal channel, she baffled him quietly.

This put him on his mettle, and he resolved that the next time he saw her he would make her talk of herself; now he must think of her and not monopolise her.

Presently Monsieur Dellard came to the piano, and the people drifted into the room.

"Do you want to listen?" said Esdaile in a low tone to his companion. "I'm sure you don't, and you must want some tea."

"I shall have to sing so soon," she said.

"There is time, Dellard never plays short pieces. I wish he would; there would be so much less of purgatory. I'll bring you up again in time to sing."

She yielded, and Esdaile had a few more minutes in paradise. Then he heard her sing again. He stood apart drinking deep draughts of delight as he listened to the fresh exquisite voice. When the song was finished he roused himself with a sigh, and went heroically to look for Lady Wyndham. He found her, for a wonder, sitting alone.

"What!" he exclaimed, in surprise; "no attendant cavalier?"

"It's quite a new experience," she replied, laughing. "Well, are you very bored?"

"Oh, no!" said Esdaile easily. "In fact I've been listening to the loveliest voice I ever heard."

"So have I—at least, just now I was down in the tea room with some bores of people I couldn't escape from; but I heard the first song. Who is the singer? I couldn't see her."

"I've been introduced to her; we've been having an interchange of views on music. She seems to be just beginning her career, poor child!"

"Is she very young? And why is she poor?"

"A slip of a girl—not more than eighteen, I should say. You know I hate to see such young things battling for themselves; they ought to be sheltered. Life is hard enough for a man if he is poor; but a girl——"

"So it is; but with a voice like that the way ought to be fairly smooth for her. Is she pretty? I've noticed you men don't have these qualms of pity over the plain girls."

"That's awfully hard on us!" exclaimed Esdaile, laughing. "Come with me and judge for yourself. I dare say we can find her. You are not like Mrs. Gifford, who in her heart was, I think, surprised that I asked for an introduction to a poor professional."

Mabel rose willingly; but the singer could not be found, and Lady Wyndham wanted to go home. Esdaile however, waiting while her ladyship put on her wraps, saw Miss Maubray come into the room. He could say "Good night" to her, then; he need not go without another glimpse of those dark eyes.

"Good night!" he said, holding her little hand in his for a moment, his heart throbbing.

While walking home he wondered how he was to see again a girl so far removed from him in social position. If he depended upon chance, he might not meet her for years; but he was not one to wait for chances—he made opportunities.

He could not quite see his way clear yet; and, enthralled as he had been in her presence, he could not yet calmly arrange any plan for the future.

He supposed he must keep in touch with Mrs. Gifford, though a further acquaintance with that lady had not altered his opinion of her. She wanted to get into society, and would be glad to attach herself to him on any plea.

Though he disliked the idea of making an ally of her, he did not shrink from doing so. What he hated most was her making a tool of Teresa Maubray to gratify her contemptible ambition. Mabel would laugh at him, but he did not care much for that.

The next day he could not rest without making some effort to ensure another meeting with Miss Maubray, for her sweet face haunted him. If he could see Mrs. Gifford, she might help him. He went to the Park at the fashionable hour, feeling sure that she would be there; and he was not disappointed.

He soon discerned her leaning back in her carriage and surveying the well-dressed throng with critical eyes. She saw Esdaile almost at the same time as he saw her, and he raised his hat and slackened his pace, feeling sure that she would take advantage of his doing so. He was confident that she would be eager to be seen speaking to a rich man of high social position.

Mrs. Gifford greeted him with a charming smile, and they shook hands and talked for five minutes about the incidents of the preceding night, about a rather startling robbery, about the beautiful singer—or, rather, Mrs. Gifford talked about her. Esdaile never mentioned Teresa's name.

"You'll come to my 'evenings' sometimes?" she said. "I have them every fortnight now the season has commenced, and I'm 'at home' on Wednesdays. Do you know you are not the only person who was charmed by my 'find'? Poor girl! Wouldn't it be nice to do something to help her? I must turn it over in my mind. You will come when you have time, Mr. Esdaile?"

"Assuredly I will," declared Esdaile.

Mrs. Gifford's carriage was driven on, and people's tongues were set wagging freely. Did Esdaile know Mrs. Gifford?

He was said to be so very fastidious; and some people did not care for her—indeed she was nobody in particular. Perhaps she was amusing; men liked going where they were amused and were made a great fuss of.

As she drove home Mrs. Gifford said to herself—

"You can always get at a man through a woman. It doesn't matter if he understands, though I think Esdaile does in his way."

CHAPTER IV.

ESDAILE did not fail to put in an appearance at Mrs. Gifford's next Wednesday afternoon. He was in an enchanted palace. He did not like the people and the surroundings; but what did it matter when that rich pathetic voice was filling the room?

He went up quietly to Miss Maubray when the song was finished; and, as she glanced up and saw him, an expression of relief and unmistakable pleasure lighted up her face. This welcome set his pulses beating quickly, and he held her hand without caring to speak. Presently he said—he did not know how softly—

"I am so glad to see you again!"

"I did not expect to see you here," she rejoined archly.

"Why?" he asked.

He had recovered his self-possession by this time, and placed a chair for her. Sitting by her side and bending towards her, he said—

"Won't you tell me why you are surprised?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"You forget why I am here," she said.

"Pardon me—I do not," he answered. "You are very scrupulous or prudent; but you know I am secrecy itself."

"I am sure of that. Still you have sufficient knowledge of human nature to guess my reason," said the girl."

"That appeals to my vanity, and has the intended effect of silencing me—on that point, at any rate. On another may I be

permitted to speak and to compliment you?"

"The song?"

"No—the season."

She blushed—a girl's flush of unaffected pleasure.

"It's so kind of you," she began, raising her earnest eyes—"you, a musician!"

"Kind to be pleased? I can't help it."

She was not used to this enthusiastic praise; she knew she was gifted, but people had not found it out yet. This man had, and he understood music; praise from him was therefore precious, a help, an encouragement. There was something however, in his manner or tone, or both, that made it difficult to answer him.

"I think," she said, in a low tone, "people such as those who are here do not care much for any music."

"And you do not care to sing to them?" queried Esdaile.

"No—not much," she admitted.

"Don't I make any difference?" inquired Esdaile lightly. "You know you have at least one appreciative listener; you can think of that when you get disheartened with the unappreciative crowd."

She glanced up from beneath her long dark lashes, wondering whether he was really in earnest. She knew she would think of him during the next song.

"Are you doubtful of my sincerity?" he asked, smiling. "I meant all I said."

"I think I was a little uncertain," she replied, turning her eyes gravely from his. It occurred to her that they had better leave this quiet secluded nook; she did not want Mrs. Gifford to say this valued guest was being kept from the rest of the company. But, when she rose from her chair to move away, Esdaile interposed swiftly.

"You are not going——" He had almost said, "to leave me." "Stay a little while longer!" he pleaded, in a low tone, laying his hand upon her arm.

"You know we are the only musical people in the room; we must be the best companions for each other. So you are surprised that I came here," he went on, as she yielded to his touch, feeling somewhat bewildered.

"By the-bye, I came with a friend of mine the other night, and I wanted to introduce you to her, but you were nowhere to be seen. I was afraid I should miss saying 'Good night.'"

A faint flush suffused the girl's face. Why did he talk to her thus? Why allude to that "Good night" of his? There was the same intonation in his voice now. She was relieved when she saw their hostess coming towards them. But Mrs. Gifford's smile and apology were disconcerting.

"So sorry to interrupt you," she said; "but every one is wishing to hear you again. Anything you like! Oh, there is a newcomer; pray excuse me!"

Mrs. Gifford went to meet the fresh arrival, and Esdaile led the young singer to the piano. Teresa Maubray thought of him as a matter of course when she sat down to the piano, though he had already left her.

The people were crushing forward as if they wanted to listen, but, instead of listening, were talking. She sang for him—to him. She forgot her irritation at the buzz of talk; forgot almost the presence of the talkers.

After singing her song she bowed and smiled, and everyone murmured thanks; but she did not care for their praise; she wanted to know if Esdaile had been pleased, if he thought she had done well, and she looked about for him wistfully as she left the piano.

He was not far off, leaning against the lintel of a door, talking to a lady sitting close by. But, as if he felt that look of Teresa's, he raised his head, and their eyes met. His smile brought the blood to her cheeks and set her nerves quivering.

"Stupid, stupid I am!" she kept saying to herself, angry to be so disturbed, angry with Esdaile. He had no right—he was only amusing himself. Oh, but how kind he had been!

"Miss Maubray!"

It was Mrs. Gifford who spoke.

The girl started, and turned to the speaker.

"I'm sorry I startled you," said Mrs. Gifford, laughing. "I don't wish you to sing—you have done enough. I should like a little chat with you when every one is gone. You are not in a hurry?"

"Not at all. I shall be very pleased," replied Teresa. Mrs. Gifford spoke so kindly that the girl thought her first impressions of her patroness had been unjust. Esdaile however came up just then and dispelled these thoughts.

He did not say much to her, only that he was sorry he was obliged to go; but he held her hand the while in a soft pressure. What was the use of her calling herself foolish and him a careless trifler with a pretty girl? She held her breath, and there was such a subtle and exquisite feeling in her heart that she scarcely dared raise her eyes.

When he loosed her hand and said "Good-bye" lingeringly, her lips parted in a slight smile—her only answer. She was afraid to speak, afraid to let him hear her voice. She wanted him to go—to stay. Ah, he had gone, and the room was a blank!

She sat waiting until the last of the guests had departed. What could Mrs. Gifford want with her? Was it merely, as she said, a chat? Teresa had not much time to waste; but it would not be wise to displease Mrs. Gifford.

Blanche came up to the girl presently and sank into a chair.

"Dear me—the claims of society—how tiring they are!" she exclaimed. "Take off your hat, my dear. I hope you have not been very dull!"

"Oh, no; it has been a very pleasant afternoon!" said the girl, with her sweet bright smile.

Blanche's eyes rested kindly upon the young face.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," she said; "but I dare say you are a little tired. I'm sure I'm immensely obliged to you for your songs—they were quite an attraction. Well, my dear Miss Maubray, I want to have a serious talk with you."

"If I can assist you in any way—do anything for you—I shall be so pleased!" said Teresa.

Again Blanche Gifford looked keenly and scrutinisingly at the girl.

"I wonder if you really would?" she said. "I fancy you are not spoiled yet. But you have had a hard life—haven't you?"

"It has not been easy," replied Teresa, reservedly but brightly.

"Do you mind telling me? You won't thing me inquisitive, will you?" said Mrs. Gifford, with a manner which explained Lady Windham's epithet of "charming." "I'm rather a lonely woman. I am interested in a life like yours. Have you no relatives, my dear? Do you live alone?"

"I have no near relatives, Mrs. Gifford. I don't live exactly alone—that is to say, I board in a house where they take only art students. I'm very comfortable there; and some of the girls are nice."

"And—and—forgive me—you have sufficient?"

"In means? Oh, yes—enough to pay for my studies and do very fairly. My father was an Indian officer, and I have a pension; then I teach and do a little singing at parties—as here, for instance. My singing-master is very kind—he is taking me at reduced terms. He says I shall do him credit when I come out; but I think really it is mostly kindness. So you see, Mrs. Gifford, I don't do badly; some of the girls are worse off."

"Still it is a hard life; and are you not making the best of it?"

Teresa laughed and flushed. She was not going to acknowledge that her pupils paid low fees and did not increase in numbers, or that her singing engagements were few and far between.

"You wouldn't have me pose as a martyr, would you?" she said lightly.

"I think you are very brave. You are so young, and quite alone—no father or mother—no friends. A young girl ought to have a home and pleasures—and love."

"But if she hasn't got them, Mrs. Gifford, it is only folly to cry for the moon."

"We may want the moon nevertheless," rejoined Blanche gently.

"Yes," admitted Teresa, touched by the kindness of her hostess' manner; then she was silent. She had always wanted the moon.

"I, like you," said Mrs. Gifford, "have no ties. I am a widow, as you know. I never had children. I have only distant relations, who care nothing for me nor I for them.

"I have been wondering if you and I couldn't manage to be a little happier by mutual aid—that is, you come and live here with me, be my companion and friend—pursuing your studies, of course, with the same aim—the concert-room, I presume?"

"You are very good," the girl faltered, startled at such an offer.

"Wait, my dear," said Blanche, smiling; "You will want time to think, no doubt. But I have more to say. You would be perfectly free to make your own engagements, relieved from the expense of board and lodging. It is best to be frank, isn't it? You would have the advantage of the society I have around me, people with whom I could advance your interests. Now you want to know the return for all this?"

"You have seen me but two or three times," demurred Teresa. "I may be quite different from what you think me—not easy to live with. The only return I could give would be to make life pleasanter to you—be a companion—and hold myself at your service, helping to entertain your guests. Am I right?"

"Yes. Does the idea seem to you objectionable?"

"I can't tell," said the girl frankly; "it has its pros and cons, and I should like time to think over them. I am grateful for your good opinion of me. My doubt is—you must pardon me if I speak plainly—whether your just claims on me would not clash with the perfect freedom I must have."

"They would not be claims," interposed Blanche. "I should wish us to live as two friends who assist each other. I have taken a fancy to you, Teresa; I think we should get on very well. And you on your side must not overlook the worldly advantages of my offer. There were people here only to day who have interest in the musical world. Lady Windham knows me."

The girl raised her head quietly.

"Lady Wyndham!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Esdaile said he wanted to present me to her."

"I hope he will. You must consider whether you can ever make such valuable friends living by yourself. A young beautiful girl is very much hampered."

"I have thought of all that often," said Teresa, in a low tone. "I know how difficult it is for a woman in my position to get on, whatever her gifts may be. She has few opportunities of making friends."

She paused, expecting Mrs. Gifford to continue the conversation; but that lady sat in a thoughtful attitude, as if she in her turn waited for her companion to speak.

To Teresa the inducement, vague and fascinating, was raising Mrs. Gifford's suggestion above the plane of an ordinary arrangement for mutual advantage.

"I should like to think over it," she said.

"I thought you were making up your mind," returned Blanche, in a tone of gentle surprise. "Do you want so much time? Couldn't we try it, at least? Come and sit by me."

Teresa obeyed. As she sat down Mrs. Gifford took the girl's hand in hers—the hand Esdaile had clasped not an hour since. Hot tears filled the young singer's downcast eyes—she did not know why, only that her heart ached.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Gifford softly, "don't you think you would be happy here? Your life would be so much brighter than it can possibly be now; and, if you don't like it, or if I don't—well, we can part, and part friends. There will be no harm done. I should so love to have you! Say you will come."

She was clasping the little hand closer; and Teresa forced back her tears and bit her lip. Why should she not believe that Mrs. Gifford would be a good friend? And, if she were not, they could easily part. Why should she not decide at once?

"I will come," she said, bending her head.

"You dear, dear child! Let me kiss you!" exclaimed Blanche joyfully.

Teresa submitted to the kiss, and smiled; but she was in a maze, and felt as if she had given up something—done something she could never recall. It was a relief when night came and she was done.

What had she done? This dear student life, with its poverty and its struggles—was this to be the end of it? How absurd she had been that afternoon to lose her head at the sound of just a few kind words and a show of interest, to think seriously of a clasp of the hand and a half-whispered "Good-bye"!

Of course it was nothing, and he would not have gone so far with a girl of his own social standing. But now she was more on his level. She sprang to her feet with flashing eyes.

Now he must treat her punctiliously. She was glad she had consented to go. The next time she saw him she should have no fear—she would show him—— But, after all, what had he done?

"Poor little girl!" said Mrs. Gifford that same night. "But she will be much happier. I am only doing her a kindness—and myself too," she added, laughing. "I am very pleased with my success!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MAN who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE TURTLE.—Formerly the turtle was taken by means of harpoons or spears; but this process injured the creature. It is now taken in nets or captured upon the beach. Certain fishermen prefer to dive and take the animal by hand, but when the reptile is powerful this is not accomplished without some difficulty.

RICE.—Rice is the chief food of the Japanese, but it is normally dearer than the other cereals. Hence, save in the towns and in the homes of well-to-do people, it is customary to mix it with barley or rye. In some localities indeed the peasantry eat it only at exceptional times; ordinarily they content themselves with barley or rye.

DRESSED IN PAPER.—It is said that Japanese soldiers are being dressed in paper clothing. Their shirts and trousers are all composed of specially-prepared paper, of a yellowish color. They are bound with linen binding, and are partly pasted together and partly sewn with a machine. The soldiers are said to prefer paper clothing to any other. When the clothes, which are very durable, are worn out, they are simply thrown away and replaced by new ones.

TO MAKE THEM LAUGH.—Some of the superstitions of the Chinese have a humorous turn. They have an impression that when there is a long drought it is because the gods are either angry or in a bad mood, so they dress a dog in a comical way and lead him through the streets. All the people laugh, and it is supposed that the gods cannot help laughing too. After that, no matter how long after, it is sure to rain, and this proves that the Chinese theory is correct.

SPIDERS LIKE MUSIC.—On one occasion, says a naturalist, "I noticed a spider which had swung down from the ceiling of a church and hung suspended just above the organist's hands. The organist informed me that he had repeatedly noticed that spiders were affected by music. Some days afterwards, while seated at the organ, I observed the same spider. Several times I drove it away and enticed it back by playing alternately soft andante and loud bravura selections. During a recent concert of Leipsic a spider was seen to descend from one of the chandeliers while a violin solo was being played, but as soon as the orchestra began to sound it quickly ran back again.

SENSITIVE PLANTS.—The sensitive plant, which is such a delicate house ornament with us, fairly enamels the earth in Ceylon, growing wild from Adam's Peak to Point de Galle, multiplying its dainty, bell-like pink blossoms, mingled with the delicate, feathery acacia. Growing so exposed and in weed-like abundance, it is natural to suppose that it would become hardened, as it were, to rough usage; but it is not so, as it retains all its native properties in exaggerated form, if possible. Our puny little hothouse specimens are not more delicate or sensitive to the human touch than is this Ceylon mimosa. It is the most impressionable of all known plants, and is appropriately named. Curious experiments prove this. If a person will fix his eyes upon a special branch and slowly approach it, the plant is seen gradually to wilt and shrink within itself, as it were, before it is touched by the observer's hand. It is endowed with an inexplicable intelligence or instinct, and what appears to be a dread as regards rude contact with human beings.

HENCE THE LOVING CUP.—The best account of the origin of the loving cup is that given by the late Lord Lyons, formerly an ambassador in Paris. According to his narrative, King Henry of Navarre while hunting became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled over, and his majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home the king bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so his majesty had a two-handled cup made at the royal pottery and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when to his astonishment the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup) presented it to him holding it by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as his majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely out of three handles I shall be able to get one!"

THE LAST.

BY J. W.

A man with poet's heart and head,
In tender, flowing verse, has said:
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

But in this varying world one finds,
There are many men of many minds;
And the saddest words 'mong the legions vast
To me, are these two words: "The Last."

The last hand-shake of a friend long tried,
The loved and lost, that have left our side;
The last sweet smile; the last salt tear,
From the lips, the eyes, that we held so dear.

The last sad look at the homestead old,
At the dear old house, that has just been sold;
The last farewell to the little spring;
The walks, and each dear familiar thing.

The last of a soul inspiring dream,
That brought us hope, like a heavenly gleam.
The last sweet strains from an anthem grand;
The last adieu to one's native land.

The last sad view of the setting sun.
When death is near, and our work is done:
The last of life, the last of earth,
As we enter into the heavenly birth.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"WHOM else have we to consider?" he asked, with surprise.

"The world—your world—which would look down upon one so lowly born, so humble in position, as Jess. She is the daughter of a self-made man; and the world has little but contempt for such as we are. But enough, Lord Ravenhurst. I have explained the reason for my refusal to my daughter——"

"And she? Jess, speak to me! Say that you—you do not agree to this?"

Jess turned her face and looked at him; a look of love, grief, despair commingled.

He looked at her with amazement and incredulity. He could not believe that she would even hesitate.

"My daughter has made her decision. If she obeyed the impulse of her own heart, she might listen to you; but she has to choose between the father whom she loves, who lives only for her, who would die to ensure her happiness, and a gentleman who is little more than a stranger to her."

"Jess! What do you say! Think!" said Bruce, and he went up to her and took her hand; holding it so tightly that he almost hurt her.

"Jess, you—you cannot mean to throw me over; to cast me off like this! Why, only a few hours ago, you—you told me that you loved me. You loved me! You promised to be my wife! You know that I am not worthy of you—your father's right enough in that.

"But you know it! Jess, my life began afresh from the day I began to love you! I swear that all the past is done with! It has been bad and black enough, I grant; but it is done with. I swear it.

"Jess, you will not desert me, leave me! Your father is hard and unjust! It is all—I beg your pardon, but I must speak out—it is all nonsense, what he has said about the difference in our rank. I explained all that to you there, by the river. Oh, Jess, look at me!" for she had turned her face away, as if she could not bear the ardent, imploring gaze.

"Let your heart speak out, Jess. Tell him, dearest, that I love you truly and eternally; tell him that he cannot divide us in this cold-blooded way!"

She tried to speak, but could not; and Mr. Newton's stern voice broke in—

"Choose between us," he said, grimly. "Choose once and for all; I will never consent, never. If you take him, you lose me—your father; choose!"

With a cry, Jess turned and looked from one to the other, in an agony of tortured love. It was as if each were tugging at her heart strings, and in different directions.

"Oh, what shall I do; what shall I do?" broke from her white, quivering lips.

"Choose me, dearest!" Bruce said hoarsely. "He is your father, yes; but he cannot love you better than I do; no, not half so well; or he would not step in between us and ruin your happiness like this. Jess, you know that I love you. You know that my love will last for my life——"

Mr. Newton laughed harshly, and Bruce turned upon him, almost savagely.

"Did you not love your wife, that you laugh me to scorn in this way?" he demanded.

Mr. Newton went white.

"Yes!" he said. "So well that I will not stand by and see her child wedded to misery without making an effort to save her. Choose, Jess."

Both men waited for her to speak. The gaudy, costly clock on the mantelshelf ticked, as if in derision of these three, passionate mortals; the sun poured into the room and fell full upon Jess' white face.

She looked from one to the other, put one hand on her father's arm, then, with a gesture of despair, held out her other hand to Bruce.

"I—I cannot leave him!" she said; "he is my father. Wait! I—I love you, Bruce. Ah, you know that, do you not? But I cannot choose you and desert him! He is my father; he has loved me ever since—he is my father, my father! Good-bye," there were no tears in her eyes, and yet her voice was choked, as if with sobs.

"Don't—don't think me cold-hearted; don't think badly of me, Bruce. Oh, my dearest," she drew his hand up to her cheek and held them there for a moment, then put them away from her.

"Try and forget me, Bruce. It was not you who were unworthy, but I! Forget me, Bruce; and—and" —her voice broke, and the tears came into her eyes and blinded them.

He stood and looked at her, his face white, his brows drawn, his breath coming thick and fast.

"My God, this is more than I can bear!" he said, hoarsely. "I say you shall not cast me off! He has no right to torture you—me—like this, to condemn us to a life of misery. No father has a right—Jess, I hold you to your promise. I say that you shall be my wife. Take back what you have said; take it back, dearest. See, I know how hardly you are tried and driven, but take it back! I will wait—well, I will wait until he has changed his mind; till he has seen for himself that I am not so black as he has painted me; till I have proved that I have changed for the better. Come, Jess; come, my dearest, my darling, be merciful to me! Don't desert me, Jess!"

She hesitated—a wild hope sprang into his breast—her eyes seemed drawn to his and to chain themselves there, her head dropped forward.

Another moment, and she would have fallen into his arms; but, even as he drew her towards him, she shrank back, tore her hands from his, and with a cry of grief and despair, which rang in the ears of both men for—for how long afterwards?—then staggering to her father, and fell into his arms.

He knew by her dead weight what had happened, and when Lord Ravenhurst took a step towards them, as if he actually intended tearing her from her father's arms, Mr. Newton held up his hand.

"She has fainted," he said sternly. "You have received your answer, Lord Ravenhurst; I must beg of you to leave us."

Bruce stood panting, and looked—not at him, but at Jess, now happily unconscious.

"You have killed her;" he said, passionately. "You must be without a heart!"

"Leave us!" said Mr. Newton.

"Yes, I will go; but I tell you—you cannot expect me to give her up like this, sir! I cannot! I will not! You can see for yourself that she loves me! You have taken her from me for a time, but she will come to me again. I will wait—I will. I say that she belongs to me; yes, as much as she belongs to you!"

Mr. Newton's eyes blazed, and he pointed to the door.

Bruce went up to Jess, took one of the limp, lifeless hands and kissed it; then, with a groan, left the room. But at the very door he turned and looked back, repeating his desperate assertion—

"She belongs to me; you cannot separate us!"

CHAPTER XVI.

As Mr. Newton carried Jess to her room, he met Janet, who uttered a cry of terror and dismay at sight of the limp, motionless figure.

"Be silent!" said Mr. Newton sternly, as Janet cried, "Oh, my dear mistress. Let me send for a doctor, sir."

"No; she will come to presently. There is no need for a doctor. Bring me some water and some brandy."

Together, they brought Jess round; and she opened her eyes and drew a long sigh. Her first words smote her father to the heart for they were—

"Bruce, save me! I shall fall and drown! Then she saw that it was her father and not Bruce, and the recent scene, the consciousness that she had lost Bruce forever, rushed back upon her, and she hid her face in the pillow.

Mr. Newton sat beside her and held her hand.

"Leave us," he said to Janet, and the girl, frightened by his stern tone, reluctantly left the room.

Mr. Newton sat silent. He was not frightened by Jess' collapse. He knew that love does not kill. "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them; but not from love."

A girl who has youth and health on her side does not die because she is torn from her lover, though she may be prostrated for a time. And Jess had plenty of strength and will—he knew that.

But, though he was assured that he was acting wisely, that he was working for her good, it was a bad quarter of an hour he spent while he sat there and heard her suppressed sobs. Presently they ceased, and she lay quite still.

"Jess?" he said at last.

She moved her hand slightly; she could not speak as yet.

"You think I have been cruel, my dear," he said, in a low voice; "but, if I have, it is that I may save you from yourself and—him. Jess, you have made your choice finally?"

"Yes," she said. "Don't talk to me yet, father. Let me—let me think."

"No, I must say what I have to say. After this we will not speak of it again; will not mention—his name, but go on as if nothing had happened. That will be best. You will forget, him, Jess?"

"No," she said with a quiver of her whole frame; "not forget him. Don't ask too much of me, father. I cannot forget him. I will never see him if I can help it, or to speak to him again, but—forget. Ah, you don't know, don't understand!"

"Perhaps I do, better than you think, dear. He was silent for a moment. "I don't ask you to avoid him, or to refuse to speak to him, Jess," he said; "that would be to render yourself conspicuous, to set idle tongues wagging. I am not unjust. He has done nothing criminal in asking you to be his wife; and—in short, Jess, I trust you.

"I have never broken my word to my life, and—well, you are my daughter. I trust you. But the best plan will be to go away from here; we will go to London, abroad."

She shook her head.

"No, I should not like that," she said, wearily. "I am fond of Ravenhurst." The very name of the place—his name—hurt her.

"Besides, he—he will go. He will not stay now. I know he dislikes the place; it was only because I——" She broke off with a moan and a sob. "Oh, father, I am so unhappy! Oh, if I could only die!" she wailed.

"Jess!" he said, brokenly. "You chose between us of your own free will. Are you going to punish me for doing my best, for following the dictates of my conscience, my love for you? You cannot change my mind, or convince me that I have acted wrongly; but—you can break my heart, Jess!"

She turned, and put her arm round his neck; but no tears came to relieve her.

"I will not do that," she said. "I know you have acted for the best, father, and I—I will try and bear it. I will indeed. Only—only you must give me time. You must be patient with me. You see," piteously, "I—I love him so much."

Mr. Newton stifled a groan.

"You will get over it, Jess," he said hoarsely. "Curse him!" he broke out, with sudden fury.

"No, don't curse him," she pleaded, with unnatural calm. "He loves me father, and wanted me to be his wife, and I loved him. But I will try and bear it."

"If it had only been that other, Frank Forde," he said regretfully.

She shuddered.

"Don't speak of any other, even Frank," she said. "I shall never marry now, father, never. The thought of any other man, good and perfect though he may be, makes me—makes me mad. It is Bruce or—or ——"

"For Heaven's sake don't call him Bruce!" he broke in.

"I think of him as Bruce," she said, dully. "Don't be angry and impatient with me, father. You must bear with me for a time."

"Yes, I know," he said, sadly.

"No," she said, raising her head and looking at him almost pityingly. "I am not going to pine and wear the willow, dear; you have done what you think is the best, and I am not going to—punish you! Go away, now, father, and leave me to think over it all. I want to be alone."

He leant over her and kissed her.

"You are all I have in the world, Jess!" he said. "It is because of my love for you that I have stepped between you and him. Forgive me, and try and think kindly of me!"

She suffered his caress, and fell back on the pillows, and he stole from the room.

She tried to think, but her head ached badly, and her heart ached worse. And—which was bad—she could only dwell upon the scene by the river, only go over Bruce's passionate avowal of love, only recall every word that he had said, the tender, passionate words in which he had told her of his love, the glowing words in which he had pictured their future happiness.

Their future happiness! Where was it now? It had been struck down by her father, and lay, a broken ruin, at her feet.

Love does not kill, but it paralyses and numbs.

Jess, when she rose from the bed, felt as if she had lost something, the vital part of herself. The world around her seemed real, and like a painted picture.

Her very reflection in the glass did not seem like her own, but that of some other girl, whom she had known or read of. Janet, coming in on tiptoe, stopped and regarded her with dismayed surprise.

"Will you go down to dinner, miss?" she asked with respectful tenderness. "Let me bring you some up. You look so—so white and tired."

But Jess would not admit of any compromise with her determination.

"I am all right now, Janet," she said. "Choose a bright dress, the brightest I have got, and do my hair nicely."

Mr. Newton looked up with surprise and relief as she entered the dining room in her gay apparel, above which her white face shone reproachfully.

"Thank you, my dear," he murmured, as he led her to her seat, in his formal way. "This is brave of you!"

"Is it?" she said, with a wan smile, and that was all. "I will keep my promise," in a low voice. "Keep my promise—to all but Bruce," she added to herself, with a stab at her heart.

Bruce, when he had got outside the house, stood for a moment or two, and looked round him, like a man in a dream. It was hard to realise, this thing that had happened to him.

That Jess herself should refuse him was probable enough, but that Jess' father should refuse him, and that she should cast him off—jilt him—at her father's behest, astounded him.

He was half mad with grief and disappointment, and thwarted love. It was the first love of his life, for his fancy, his animal passion, for Deborah was very different from this all-absorbing, true love which he felt for Jess.

His first impulse was to go to London and drown his grief and despair in dissipation; for, be it remembered, this hero of ours was by no means perfect; until he had met Jess, was of the earth, very earthy.

But something, something too sacred for analysis; held him back. He shuddered at the idea of trying to forget her pure love, in trying to drown it in one of the old orgies.

No, he would not leave Ravenhurst; by doing so he would lead her to think he had surrendered her! She had told him that she loved him, and, therefore, as he had said, she belonged to him.

He would remain, and wait! If she loved him as he loved her, then nothing could separate, divide them.

How marvellous it was, he thought, as he strode along.

Heaps of lovely women had failed to move, touch him, and yet for this little schoolgirl he was ready to barter even the hope of Heaven itself. He went half unconscious, to the river, and sat upon the bank where she had sat and they had talked of the future that lay before them.

And he saw her face, heard her voice, felt the touch of her soft, sweet lips on his, and—he ate his heart, like the Spaniards say, for hours and hours; the bitterest time he had ever spent.

"Love's feet are softly shod with pain," remarks the poet; but Bruce, Lord Ravenhurst's love was shod with molten fire. He got up at last—he had smoked furiously, the contents of his pouch, and went home.

Poynter, the butler, met him in the hall.

"The earl has been inquiring for you, my lord," he said, and Bruce went straight to his father's room.

The earl was seated near the window,

and did not turn his head as his son entered, for he knew his step.

"Lo, the conquering hero comes!" he quoted, with a smile. "Well, Bruce? I hasten to congratulate you. Trying time, that interview with the father! But, in your case, I trust the way was lined with flowers, and made pleasant and easy for you."

Bruce did not speak, but stood leaning upon a chair, just behind his father's, and the earl, looking over his shoulder, questioningly, and with a smile, saw Bruce's stern, pale face and sombre air.

"Eh?" he said. "What is the matter, my dear Bruce? You have have not the manner of a successful wooer."

"I have not been successful, sir," said Bruce, grimly.

The earl turned round.

"Eh? What do you mean?" he asked, with a smile. "My dear boy, you look as sombre as Romeo in the monk's cell. What do you mean by 'not successful?'"

"What I say, sir," replied Bruce, gravely.

"I went, as you know, to ask for—for Jess'—Miss Newton's—hand, and—it was refused."

"But you told me that she accepted you!" said the earl, swinging still further round.

"She did. But her father is opposed to the engagement; in fact, forbid it, and—and Jess obeyed him."

The earl stared, as if he could not believe his ears.

"Oh, surely you mistake," he said.

"There is no mistake. Mr. Newton spoke too plainly," said Ravenhurst, grimly. "He objected to the engagement, forbid his daughter to carry out her promise, and—and she yielded."

A faint flush rose to the wrinkled face of the aristocrat. That a mere nobody, a "new man," an African merchant, little better than an adventurer, should reject his son, the future Earl of Clansmere, seemed just incredible.

"My dear Ravenhurst! I do not understand."

"And yet it's easy enough," said Bruce, impatiently. "I tell you, sir, Mr. Newton will not hear of it."

"But why?" demanded the earl, slightly extending his hands.

Bruce shrugged his shoulders.

"He has heard some stories of—of—against me; he objects to the difference in position, station."

The earl laughed, a soft laugh of amusement, and surprise.

"You amuse me!" he said. "Good gracious! The world's changing very much, very much indeed! Reject you, object to his daughter marrying the future Earl of Clansmere! Is the man mad?"

"No, sir; he is perfectly sane."

"Then I must be mad," said the old man, with a smile. "Refuse!" He laughed sardonically. "Well, my dear Bruce, that settles it. Poor Benson. I feel quite sorry for him. And we—you and I—thought it a settled thing, and fancied we descried the end of our difficulties. Well," he paused a moment, and wiped his lips with his delicate handkerchief; "well, there is no more to be said. You will go back to London at once, I suppose? I am sorry."

"No," rejoined Lord Ravenhurst, "I shall remain here."

The earl looked at him with faint surprise and commiseration.

"You care?" he said.

"I love her!" said Bruce, passionately. "Yes—for God's sake don't laugh, sir!—I love her, and I cannot give her up."

"Really!" murmured the earl. "Yes, she is pretty, charming! And you really——"

"I love her!" said Bruce, grimly, "And I will not give her up!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE'S heart ached for Jess.

For two or three days she kept to the house and grounds; but she appeared at every meal, and, instead of seeking the solitude she longed for in her own room, she sat with her father in the evening, and even played and sang for him as she had done before she had learned to love Bruce Ravenhurst—and lost him.

And she tried to eat and drink with her usual appetite, and did not choose the doleful and despairing songs which are so much in vogue nowadays. But the plentiful breakfasts, the elaborate dinners, tried her sorely, and every now and then her sweet voice would falter at a note, and the supple fingers would miss a chord, and she would stop with a murmured apology, as if she had forgotten the familiar music.

The effort, the brave endeavor, was telling upon her, as all such efforts must, and Mr. Newton, as he watched her covertly, fancied that she was thinner and paler already.

His manner towards her was tender in the extreme; but his determination in no wise slackened.

Better for her to suffer for a week or two than to drift into a marriage which would mean a life long misery.

On the third day he bought a horse for her, and was repaid by the sudden brightening of her face as she looked at and stroked the beautiful animal.

But even as she did so, she remembered that Lord Ravenhurst had suggested that she should ride, and had offered to teach her, and her eyes grew heavy again.

"It is a very quiet mare," Mr. Newton said. "And Cotton'"—Cotton was the coachman—"is quite capable of teaching you. Are you pleased, Jess?" and the poor man looked into her face with anxious entreaty.

"I am more than pleased, father," she said, in a low voice. "You are very good to me!"

"My dear, I would do anything, get you anything——" he began, then broke down; but she knew what he meant; that she might have anything and everything but Bruce, Lord Ravenhurst.

When her habit came home, she took her first lesson, and proved the truth of Bruce's assertion, that she had plenty of pluck.

Cotton was full of admiration at the success of the first attempt, and declared in the stable yard that Miss Jess would be flying across country before winter came.

"She's light as a feather, got hands like a jockey, and sits as steady as a church. Yes, I reckon we'll show 'em something in the way of riding presently.

He did not know that all the time they were trotting and cantering through the lanes his mistress was thinking more of a certain gentleman than of her horse, and was too full of the dread of meeting him to care whether she fell off or not. If Bruce had been her teacher instead of Cotton, how happy she would have been!

She did not meet Bruce, however, on this afternoon, and, as she had not seen or heard anything of him, she concluded that he must have left Ravenhurst.

And she hoped that it might be so. She could bear her sorrow better if he were out of sight.

She dreaded lest other people should know of what had happened; but, fortunately for her, Janet was too faithful and devoted to gossip about the mistress she loved, and the secret engagement and its sudden rapture did not travel beyond the house.

Even Mrs. De Ponsonby Brown had not heard it, wonderful to relate, and she was too full of Frank Forde's sudden departure, when she came to call at the Grange, to notice that Jess looked pale and listless.

"Such an extraordinary boy!" she said. "Came in the other morning, and said that he must catch the two o'clock train! He seem excited and worried about something; but, whenever we asked him what was the matter, and why he wanted to dash off in such an absurd way, he began to sing and whistle, and declares that he had 'mooched'—that was the word, my dear—'mooched' about with us quite long enough, and that he must go home at once, and 'see to things.'

"So utterly absurd, you know, because he has an excellent steward who sees to everything, and can be trusted to any extent. However, he's gone, and there's an end of it. I am sure you must be rather glad than otherwise," she ran on, "he must have been an awful nuisance to you."

She looked at Jess rather curiously, but Jess had had time to school her face while the good lady had rambled on, and now met her gaze calmly and serenely, though a trifle sadly.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, well, he was always here, wasn't he? And men are always such a bother!"

"Mr. Forde was never a bother to me," said Jess, quietly, and Mrs. Brown at once switched on to another subject in her volatile way.

Jess longed, and dreaded, to ask her if Lord Ravenhurst had gone; but she could not summon courage enough to pronounce his name, and she let her go without putting the question.

The next day, as she rode along the road which afforded a view of the Castle, she saw that the flag was not flying; and her heart throbbed with mingled relief and sadness. He had gone then.

She rode on, with her head drooping, her eyes fixed on the horse's mane, wondering whether the time would ever come when she could hear his name, see anything that reminded her of him, without feeling the ache and pain which throbbed like a newly-made wound in her heart.

It was a lovely afternoon; the birds were singing brightly, the hedgerows were gay and fragrant with flowers; but the sky seemed overclouded, the whole world full of a mournful music, to Jess.

"This will never do!" she said, with a sigh, "I must, I must learn to forget!" And she gathered the reins up more lightly, touched the mare with her dainty jewel-crested whip, and rode in a canter.

Cotton—who kept behind now, but well within overtaking distance—looked after her with pride and self-satisfaction.

"Ride? I should think so!" he murmured, triumphantly; and, just to give her confidence, he let her get a good way ahead.

Jess reached the end of the road, and turned off down a narrow lane. She had scarcely entered it than she heard the sound of a horse coming towards her.

The bend of the lane hid it from her sight for a moment or two, then it came round the corner, and she saw that the horseman was Bruce.

He was riding a huge chestnut, and was coming along at a trot, with a loose rein. He looked listless and careless as to where he was going, and he did not lift his head until his horse pricked up his ears and began to fidget.

Then he saw Jess. The color flooded her face for a moment, then left it pale again, and her trembling fingers closed on the reins, and unconsciously she checked the mare.

Perhaps he would have ridden past had she not paused; but as she slackened pace, he, too, pulled up, and they sat side by side, looking into each other's faces; or rather, he gazed—with what sorrowful eagerness—and she looked away from him.

"Jess," he said, at last, after what seemed an hour, an age, to her; and, at the sound of the beloved voice, her heart leapt as if it had the call of its master. "I thought you were going to pass me!" he said gratefully.

"Why—why should I do that?" she said, trying to raise her voice above a whisper, and failing.

"I don't know," he responded, with a touch of bitterness in his sadness. "I thought that, perhaps, you had resolved to have done with me, altogether; that you had promised——"

"Oh, no, no!" she faltered, scarcely knowing what she was saying. "He did not ask me—he did not wish that I should—I should——"

"It was good of him," he said, still more bitterly. "I am grateful to him for not insisting that you should cut me, meet me as a stranger."

"Perhaps—perhaps, it would have been better?" she said, in a low voice, and looking away from him.

"Perhaps," he assented. "Anyhow, I couldn't have borne it; there is a limit to every man's endurance, and mine is soon reached. You—he—have not changed your minds?"

He put the question, knowing full well what the answer must be; and yet he could not refrain from putting it.

She shook her head.

"Nothing is changed, Lord Ravenhurst."

"For God's sake don't call me—don't address me like that!" he broke in; then he restrained himself. "I—I beg your pardon. Yes, you have changed. Have—have you been ill, Jess?"

She tried hard to tell him not to call her Jess, but the words would not come.

"No; I have not been ill," she said, in a whisper.

"That's not true," he said, bluntly. "Stand still, you beast!" to the horse. "You must have been ill, or you wouldn't look as you do."

She stole a glance at his face, and was almost tempted to say, "You, too, then, have been ill," for he looked haggard and worn, as a man does who has been eating his heart by day, and lying awake 'o nights.

"I thought—you had gone," she found strength to say. "Oh! why have you not?" And her voice broke and quavered.

"No, I've not gone," he said. He was silent a moment, staring moodily before him, then he went on, "I meant to—I tried to; but I couldn't manage it. You may think it strange, but I find it impossible; God knows I don't get much comfort and consolation in being near you—but I can't go!"

She winced, and a piteous look came into her pale face.

"Don't—please, don't speak to me like that," she pleaded. "I know it is my—own—fault; but—but——"

"Forgive me," he said, tremulously, and he leant forward. "I am a brute and a beast to have used it, I know; but—ah, Jess, you can't guess how badly I suffer!"

She looked away from him, so that he might not see the tears that sprang to her eyes.

"Perhaps I can," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"No!" he said. "I don't think you can! I don't think any woman can love as a man does. And you are young, Jess; and there is your father; and you've got the woman's consolation of feeling that you are doing your duty."

"Yes," she murmured; but she sighed. As if it were possible that he could love her one-hundredth part as much as she loved him!

"Yes; I suppose that consoles you. You are a good girl, Jess. Perhaps it would have been better for me if you weren't so good and dutiful."

She looked at him pleadingly; but a man's bitterness was aching for expression in him, and he paid no heed to the pleading look of the sweet eyes.

"Most girls would have stuck by the man who loved them; they'd have thought of what was to become of him." He paused. "I don't suppose you know how a man feels when his heart is half broken. Women can bear it better than we can. It makes us mad, Jess."

She looked away, and her lips quivered. She understood enough to know she had ruined his life, made him wretched, and might make him desperate.

It is wonderful how much even a young and innocent girl can understand where the heart is concerned. It must be instinct.

There was silence for a moment, during which her eyes dwelt upon his face, with the love-hunger aching in them.

"Is there no hope for me, Jess?" he said, not plaintively—plaintiveness, was not in Bruce's way—but almost brusquely.

She shook her head once.

"You—you must not think of me," she said meekly, pleadingly. "You must forget that—that you ever saw me. Oh, why did we ever meet? If—if we had not, we should be happy, content, now!"

"Forget!" he laughed. "I shan't forget. Mind, I don't say some men could not. But I shan't. Forgetting a thing we want doesn't run in our family. When we want a thing, we want it badly, and we suffer till we get it, and we do get it—as a rule. I want you, Jess, and I want you badly."

"You must not!" she said, brokenly; but, oh, how the many declarations rang in her heart, and filled it with joy, a sad and despairful joy—but joy, all the same.

"I can't help it," he said. "Mind, I give you fair warning. I told your father that I would not give you up. I consider that you belong to me. Didn't you own that you—you cared for me, there by the river? Well, you give yourself to me, and you belong to me!"

She shook her head.

"Yes!" he said, resolutely, stubbornly. "And I stick to that."

She looked from side to side, helplessly.

"I—I must go now," she said. "And I must leave Ravenhurst. I cannot stay and meet you—to hear you talk like this. Ah, you know I cannot!"

His heart smote him.

"Forgive me, Jess!" he said, in a low voice that was almost hoarse. "I am behaving badly, I know; but the sight of you has driven me almost mad——"

"I will go away," he said, almost faintly. "You shall not meet me again; it is my fault. I will go out of England."

"What!" he exclaimed, so loudly that Cotton, sitting like a statue at the end of the lane, caught the tone, and almost heard the word. "I drive you away! No; I will not do that! If it comes to that, I will go, Jess. Yes, I will go—hard as it will be."

She drew a long breath.

"Will you?" she pleaded. "Ah, if you would! It—it would make it much easier for me."

"You are afraid of me!" he said half bitterly.

"No," she whispered, almost to herself. "I am afraid of myself."

He leaned forward, and laid his hand on her arm; he felt tempted, with a wild longing, to snatch her arm from her horse, place her on the saddle in front of him, and ride off with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

BY L. I. M.

The greenwood's shade and bower,
The streamlet's spangled flow,
That gems with silver shower
The gold king-cup below;
There they say the fairy dances,
In many a moonlit ring,
Are tript, till morning glances
Around the Haunted Spring.

I've lingered oft and listened,
The fairy harps to hear;
But kind eyes on me glisten'd,
With human love and fear;
And a spell, the fairy dances
To the heart can never bring.
I've known in love-lit glances
Beside the Haunted Spring.

Still oftentimes I linger
In the greenwood's twilight shade;
But by no fairy finger
The magic harps are played;
But Memory's spell unbroken,
Like a happy song, will bring
Each word in love once spoken
Beside the Haunted Spring.

Paul Courtney.

BY S. J.

"WHEW!"—and Paul Courtney plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets and contemplated in astonishment the drawing that hung above the mantelpiece in the parlor of the "Fisherman's Rest."

Two years previously a friend of his had passed a couple of the summer months at Treford; and, when Paul announced his intention of spending the summer in some quiet English village, his friend had eulogised Treford as a model village, and Mrs. Brant of the "Fisherman's Rest" as a model landlady, till he decided on pitching his tent there.

He had not been disappointed in what he had seen of the scenery as he trudged along the two miles that lay between Treford and the nearest railway station.

Treford, he admitted, was charming, and Mrs. Brant appeared worthy of the encomiums Dick Marshall had pronounced upon her; yet, with her best-cooked dinner awaiting his attention, he stood perplexed and angry before the very atrocious sketch that Mrs. Brant fondly believed to be the crowning glory of her parlor.

It was not because the sketch vexed his eye—although evidence of talent was not wanting in some of the touches—that Paul gazed so ferociously at the landscape, but because, written very legibly in the bottom right-hand corner, his own name met his astonished gaze.

He turned round quickly as Mrs. Brant, with an apologetic cough, opened the door.

"I knocked, sir, but you didn't answer. The carrier's cart is at the door with your portmanteau and things, sir."

"Will you settle with the man? And then please come back, Mrs. Brant," he said, handing her some silver.

"Yes, sir. But your dinner—is it not to your mind?"

"I forgot all about it; but I'll make amends," he said laughingly, taking a seat; and Mrs. Brant left the room.

This however faced the obnoxious landscape; so he sprang to his feet before the landlady had left the room, and dragged the chair to the other side of the table.

"I couldn't eat a bit with that—that thing before my eyes!" he said.

And Mrs. Brant went off wondering if her new guest was slightly crazy.

He had finished his dinner by the time she returned, and was gazing out of the window at the broad white street, a stretch of sandy down, and beyond that the blue sea that lay before him. The perplexed look was still on his face.

"Have you finished, sir?" Mrs. Brant asked. "I am afraid you made a bad——"

"No, no," he interrupted—"quite the contrary! But would you mind telling me where you procured that?"—pointing to the landscape.

"Oh, that picture, sir!" she cried, viewing it complacently. "Isn't it just lovely—and so natural? The old woman with the red handkerchief seated on the stile always reminds me of an old woman I used to know—Mattie Rogers was her name, sir—as I tell Miss Joan."

"Yes?" he said, restraining his impatience.

"Yes, indeed, sir; and Miss Joan only laughs. But Mattie—she was ninety when she died—always wore a red shawl like that, which maybe is the reason I always think of her when I look at the picture."

"But where did you get it, Mrs. Brant?"

"From Miss Joan, sir. I have a large garden, and, when Master Cecil was ill last year, I was able to send him some fruit; and Miss Joan sent me the picture—as an acknowledgement of my kindness, she said."

"And who is Miss Joan?" the artist asked.

"Miss Joan Brandon," Mrs. Brant explained, "is the Squire's stepdaughter. You can see Jessop Grange from the window, sir."

"How or where did the lady get the picture?"

"She painted it, sir," the landlady answered proudly. "You're an artist, sir?"—interrogatively.

Paul nodded.

"If you could see her drawings. But, though she works very hard, I hear she doesn't get much from the London dealer after all."

"I dare say not." Courtney smiled cynically. "She doesn't mark her work with her own name, I see."

"No; and I don't know what for," Mrs. Brant said. "She lives in a little cottage, with her mother's maid for housekeeper."

Paul made no answer. He had leaned forward to look after a girl who was passing rapidly along the street, and had not heard Mrs. Brant's concluding words. But the good lady exclaimed hastily—

"That's Miss Joan going along! You see, sir, the way it happened was this. Squire Jessop had known Mrs. Brandon before her marriage; and, when her husband died, leaving her and her two children without a penny, he happened to hear of it, and almost before she was a widow a year he married her.

"She didn't belong to this place; but Martha Brown—that's Miss Joan's housekeeper—told me of it. The poor lady married him quite as much for her children's sake as for her own; and, after all, she benefited nothing by her second marriage, for, when she and the Squire were killed two years ago in the railway accident at Exeter, he had made no will, and everything went to a nephew of the Squire's."

"And then Miss Joan took to painting?" the artist said.

"Yes, sir. If you'd like to see any of her drawings, I could get——"

"No, thanks. I'll probably call to see the lady soon. And now I think I'll have a smoke in your garden," and he left the room.

"She knows what she is about, this Miss Brandon," he said to himself, as he paced along the shady walks of the old-fashioned garden. "Good heavens—if any one who understands art at all should see one of these daubs with my name tacked on to it!"

He threw away his cigar. The idea was maddening, and he felt in a very merciless frame of mind concerning Miss Joan's delinquencies.

"I must stop her at once!" he said half aloud. "She could not have happened on the nom-de-guerre of 'Paul Courtney' by accident. If it had been 'Paul Jones' or 'Paul Brown' or the like, one might have allowed for accident. I'll interview Miss Joan this evening"—and the artist's lips closed ominously. "How Dick would enjoy this!" he said a moment later, smiling.

He lit another cigar, and after a time forgot Miss Joan.

In the evening he walked through the village, and passed along the quiet country road that led inland. Only one person was in sight, and, as he gradually gained on her, he saw it was the girl that he had noticed earlier in the evening.

She walked quickly onward till she came to a little red-brick cottage, covered with clematis and roses, and separated from the high road by a narrow strip of garden.

As she turned in at the little rustic gate she paused, and Courtney advanced, and raising his hat, addressed her.

"Miss Brandon, I believe?"

"Yes," the girl answered, looking straight at her questioner with eyes that Courtney in after days said reminded him of the summer twilight. But on the present occasion they decidedly disconcerted the irate artist.

"You are——" He hesitated a moment. "You draw and paint, I believe?"

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "Perhaps you wish to see some sketches. Please come in."

She led the way to the door of the cottage, and Courtney followed; but as she moved on he tried to explain.

"I saw a sketch in Mrs. Brant's——"

"Please come inside;" and Paul had only time to see that he stood in a narrow hall ere she threw open the door of a room fitted up as a studio and motioned him to enter.

A slight delicate looking lad was lying on a couch by the open window. He had evidently been asleep, but their entrance had awakened him, and Miss Brandon paused to lay a caressing hand on his fair head before she placed a chair for her visitor.

Half a dozen sketches, all alike, were on easels about the room, and Courtney was almost frantic as he saw his own name in the corner of a sketch that represented an urchin, in blue trousers and red jacket, in an altogether unlikely position in an apple tree.

"You sign your sketches 'Paul Courtney,'" he said, not taking the offered chair.

"Yes."

"You are doubtless aware," he went on, unconscious of the contempt in his tones, "that an artist of that name has made some reputation for himself in London."

"No," replied the girl, her eyes dilating.

"I am Paul Courtney, and, as I saw a sketch in Mrs. Brant's parlor bearing my name, I felt compelled to call on the lady using it to ask her to discontinue doing so at once. I trust she will do so. Her work can hardly enhance my reputation."

"Sir!" the girl cried, and the boy endeavored to raise himself from the sofa; but Paul, with a bow, left the room.

He had not reached the high road, however, before he regretted his last words, and, as he continued his walk, his anger turned against himself.

"I shouldn't have spoken so, and to a girl who is so evidently trying to earn her own and her brother's bread. I'll go back and apologise."

He turned and retraced his steps. The door of the cottage was open as he approached, and he heard the sound of quick passionate sobbing.

"How dare he! Oh, Joan, if I were not such a useless wretch, you wouldn't have to work as you do!"—and the boy sobbed afresh.

"Hush, dear," the girl said gently—"you will make yourself ill!"

"I am always ill. If I were like others, I wouldn't have lain here and listened to that—man insulting my sister!"

"Never mind, dear!"—and Paul thought he heard a sudden catching of her breath ere she continued. "Of course he was angry—anyone would be. But how could I know that there was an artist called 'Paul Courtney'? Oh, Cecil, that Mr. Parkes the dealer knew!"

"Why do you think so?" the boy asked.

"It was he who suggested the name to me. He said one lady signed herself 'Harold Gray,' and proposed that I should be 'Paul Courtney.' He said a man's work, or what was supposed to be a man's work, sold best. Oh, Cecil, what will the real Paul Courtney think of me?"

Cecil did not answer, but he gave a faint cry.

"Joan, Joan—what are you doing?"

She made no reply, and the boy continued—

"You have destroyed them."

"That's what I meant to do!"—and the girl began sobbing. "I'll never touch a brush again! I'll break stones first!"

"Poor Joan! But that would never keep you in bread and butter, not to speak of me, even if you could do it," the boy said tearfully. "Oh, Joan, you shouldn't have ruined your work—and the rent due!"

The girl sobbed afresh; and Paul, feeling like a scoundrel, walked noiselessly down the pathway and returned to the village.

"I was a brute," he soliloquised—"a brute to speak so to that poor girl! What wonderful eyes she has! I must ask Mrs. Brant more particularly about her, and I must apologise to-morrow."

As he approached the inn Mrs. Brant was sitting under a big maple that grew by her door—"enjoying a rest," as she told him—and he had no difficulty in leading the conversation to the Brandons.

"And the Squire's cousin, or whatever he is, did nothing for them?"

"Nothing. And I am sure Miss Joan wouldn't accept anything."

"Proud?"

"Yes, sir—for all you mightn't think so."

"Has her brother been always delicate?"

"So I believe. There's something the matter with his spine. He can't live very long, the doctor says; but he never tells Miss Joan so."

"And she supports him and herself by her work?"

"Yes, sir."

He stood chatting to the good woman for some minutes longer, and then entered the house. Somehow the sketch above the fireplace did not seem so atrocious as it did earlier in the day, and he found himself seeking for and discovering its good points.

"Poor girl! She has to keep the pot boiling, I suppose; and yet she is capable of better work. What a fool I was to suppose that she adopted my name for any dishonest purpose."

The next morning he went for a long ramble by the sea, to kill the time till he could call on Miss Brandon; but, when he returned to his early dinner, Mrs. Brant had news for him.

"Miss Brandon's leaving Treford."

"Leaving Treford! Why?"

"That's what Martha, the housekeeper, you know sir, can't tell. She says that Miss Joan is tired of painting, she believes, and that she thinks she could earn more money as a governess in London."

"When does she mean to leave?"

"As soon as possible. I must see her and tell her how foolish she is. Master Cecil wouldn't live a month in London. And Miss Joan, for all her independent ways, knows no more of the world than a child."

Paul walked to the cottage in a very penitent frame of mind. As he opened the gate he fancied he caught a glimpse of Joan vanishing indoors; but it was an old woman who answered his knock.

"No," she said in reply to his inquiry—"the mistress is engaged; but I'll take your message to her."

"Perhaps at another hour she will be disengaged?"

"No. She said the gentleman could write anything he had to say."

Thereupon Paul scribbled a few lines of apology and an appeal for an interview on the back of a card. Miss Brandon, however would not grant an interview, and Paul returned disappointed to the inn.

Strolling that evening in the twilight along the cliffs, as he came round an angle, he was startled by almost running against the person who occupied his thoughts.

She too was startled, and, with a low cry, retreated backwards. Her foot caught in a cleft, and, but for Paul's aid, she would have fallen.

"Thank you," she said, recovering herself.

"Miss Brandon, now you must listen to me!" exclaimed Paul eagerly.

"You have already apologized, if any apology were needed, and nothing further need be said," she returned coldly.

"But you will listen to me, won't you?"

"I do not see how I can help it," she said ungraciously enough. "Please be brief."

"You are leaving Treford, and I am the cause of it!" Paul blurted out. "Miss Brandon, you must not go!"

"I do not see how it concerns you."

"But it does. I spoke like a fool and—and a cad, and I can't tell you how sorry I am!"

"You spoke truly, I am certain. And now let me assure you that I did not know I was injuring any one by adopting your name. I need not say I shall never use it again."

"You mean to go to London, Miss Brandon?" Paul asked, after a pause.

"Yes," she replied, after some hesitation.

"For your brother's sake you should not."

"Good night!" she said, moving away from him.

"But I may see you home?"

"Thank you—no;" and Paul retraced his steps and sat down on a ledge of rock to consider in what way he could help the Brandons.

"She'll never try her luck again as an artist, I fear. If she did, I might manage, unknown to her, to give her some aid."

On the following day he learned that Miss Brandon had gone to London, and, with some idea of becoming friendly with Cecil, he called at the cottage. He found the lad by no means so implacable as his sister.

"No matter how badly you think of me," Paul said, "you may be sure that you can't think worse of me than I do myself;" and then the pair shook hands, and Paul stayed and shared Cecil's luncheon.

"You'll come to-morrow?" Cecil asked, as Paul bade him "Good night."

"If Miss Brandon permits me."

"Oh, Joan won't be back till to-morrow evening! She means that we shall go to London, you know."

"Will you like the change?" Paul asked.

The lad's face brightened.

"Oh, yes! I get tired looking out on that strip of garden day after day."

"But London will be very trying to you."

"Oh, that won't matter!" said Cecil, smiling. "I'm dying, you know. Every one knows it but Joan."

"Oh, no!"

"But yes. It may not happen very soon, perhaps, but I know what Doctor Long thinks by the way he looks at me."

"Invalids have curious fancies, Cecil. You'll live many a year yet."

"Oh, no! You'll come to-morrow?"

"Yes."

They were seated together the next afternoon, and Cecil was laughing gaily at some anecdote Paul had been telling him, when Joan entered the cottage.

She had returned by an early train. She paused in astonishment at her brother's laugh.

It was not often Cecil laughed so joyously, and, wondering who was amusing him so, she smilingly opened the door. But the smile left her face as she met Paul's eyes.

"I must go now," he said, rising, "or Mrs. Brant will have the crier—have you a crier in Treford?—out after me."

"Tell Mr. Courtney to come to-morrow, Joan," Cecil said as Paul left the room; but his sister affected not to hear him.

For a couple of days afterwards Paul carried his easel and camp stool some distance away, and tried to believe he was working. When he returned on the third evening, Mrs. Brant put a tiny note into his hands.

"From Miss Brandon, sir;" and Paul in amazement opened it.

"Doctor Long had to tell Miss Joan of Master Cecil's condition when she told him she was going to London; so now she must stay at Treford; and what she'll do I don't know, for Mattie says she has given up painting." Mrs. Brant said, as she was reading the few lines that Miss Brandon had written, asking him to come and see Cecil.

"What did the doctor say about Cecil?" Paul asked.

"That he may live here for months, but that removal to London would kill him."

Paul saw Joan only for a moment during that visit; but, when it became an established custom for him to spend hours daily by Cecil's sofa, Joan ceased to leave the room on his entrance, and by degrees began to take part in the conversation.

Cecil had conceived a wonderful fancy for his new friend, and Paul grew very fond of the poor lad, whose life was so surely, if slowly, slipping away.

For a time Paul did not understand how Joan contrived to make ends meet, but Mrs. Brant enlightened him.

"She does a lot of plain sewing for Mrs. Walsall, and does some strange kind of lace for a shop in London. But she can't earn much money, after all; and Mattie says the little sum she had saved has dwindled away. Whatever made her give up drawing I don't know!"

"I have a friend in London," Paul said hesitatingly, "who could dispose of a number of sketches like yours, if Miss Brandon could be induced to recommence that sort of work again. I don't like to mention the matter to her. Will you do so, Mrs. Brant? You could say a gentleman who had seen some of her work desired a dozen sketches similar to yours."

"I could, sir!" Mrs. Brant exclaimed eagerly.

"I'll give you an address in London to send them to should Miss Brandon be willing to undertake the commission. And here is the payment;"—and Paul put ten sovereigns into her hand.

"You are a nice, gentlemanly, clever young fellow, Mr. Courtney, but you cannot take me in!" Mrs. Brant said, as she took the money and nodded sagaciously. "It doesn't take a very shrewd person to see you're over head and ears in love with Miss Joan; and, as for the gentleman in London—that's all moonshine!"

Miss Joan knew that Cecil needed many little comforts and luxuries that otherwise she could not supply, so, when Mrs. Brant mentioned the commission, she decided to execute it, much to the old lady's satisfaction.

As the bright summer days flitted past Paul saw that Cecil was rapidly growing weaker. Joan either did not or would not see it. The lad himself needed no enlightenment, and spoke to Paul of the coming end.

"I grieve only for Joan," he said. "I have been a burden to her; still, she will fret for me. Poor Joan—she will be friendless."

"Not if she will let me be her friend," Paul said earnestly.

Cecil gazed at him curiously.

"But she won't," the artist continued despondently. "She little more than endures me, and I love her with all my heart."

There was silence for some minutes; then Paul spoke again.

"Speak to her, Paul," Cecil counselled.

"No, Cecil. That would only mean that I should have to cease my visits to you."

"Well, the loss would be mine, and I am willing to risk it."

But Paul shook his head, and Cecil seemed too wearied to argue the point further. Soon afterwards the artist said "Good night," which proved to be "Good-bye," for in the morning Cecil was dead.

It was only a fortnight after her brother's burial that Mrs. Walsall the Rector's wife found a situation for Joan as companion to an old lady residing in Scotland, and she was to go North almost immediately.

One evening, as Paul passed by the little cottage in the twilight, Miss Brandon, very pale and fragile-looking in her deep mourning, came down the path and spoke his name.

"I have never thanked you," she said brokenly, "for all your kindness to Cecil. My poor boy's last words were of you. It seems like an old story of the lion and the mouse.

"He begged me, if ever I could help you in any way, to do so;"—and the ghost of a smile hovered on her lips.

"You can do so, Joan!"—and Paul impetuously seized her hands.

"You can make me the happiest man alive if you'll promise to be my wife."

She tried to withdraw her hand.

"No—you must listen to me now! I did not mean to speak at present, but you are going away; and, Joan, I love you—love you as a man loves but once, as I told Cecil that last night! Don't be cruel, Joan; give me some hope!"

"I once hated you," she said slowly; "but now——"

"But now?" "I don't"—softly.

"Then it is 'Yes,' Joan?"—"It is 'Yes.'"

And Mr. Courtney never teases his wife about that other night when she said she would never use Paul Courtney's name again.

A Shark Story.

BY S. B. H.

"GOOD gracious! what's that?" This last exclamation of mine was caused by my noticing that something very large, and very dark, was immediately below me in the water, possessing a movement just perceptible by the phosphoric ripple.

"It's a horrid great ground shark!" said my companion, with a shudder; "look at his fin."

There, sure enough, was his fin, just rising above the water at that moment, and then his whole hideous outline was made out clearly, the immense head, pointed nose, and large waving pectoral fins.

"Ugh! what a brute!" was my exclamation, followed up by the apropos reflection, "and we've been bathing here, too!"

"Let's have the shark-hook up," said my friend, "and we may catch him."

We accordingly had it up, and duly baited, ready for putting over. But we had passed the word down to the gun-room and berths of what had happened, and the sending for the shark-hook was enough warning to such of the blue-jackets as had not gone to bed, so that we soon had a goodly muster both of men and officers abaft, ready to take part in whatever sport might be toward.

I am sure I am not exaggerating when I say the line had not been over five minutes before first a rubbing, then a slight drag, and finally a determined and violent pull was given to it.

We immediately hauled in; whatever there was on it was heavy, but not active. However, the accustomed bow-line was prepared, and the hauling part rove through a sheave in the end of the spanker boom.

I should premise that this boom was from twelve to fourteen feet above the water. Long before the hook could have reached the surface we saw and felt that we hooked an enormous ground-shark, for he tore fiercely at the line, and lashed his monstrous tail with vigorous sweeps from side to side.

Our excitement was tremendous, for he was certainly the largest brute any of us have had ever seen, and when we got his head above the water he regularly shook the brig by his struggles.

However, in spite of our excitement, we managed to get the bowline over his shoulders, and had just got some hands on to haul it tight, when, with a frightful plunge, the brute tore himself away from the bait.

"Confound him, he's off!" was the disappointed exclamation of the by-standers.

"Not a bit of it," cried the party, who were attending the bowline, which was seen slipping through their hands in spite of their efforts.

We all "clapped on" to the bowline immediately, and were soon rewarded by seeing the monster helplessly dragged out of the water tail first—for the bowline had slipped down over his body, and had "nipped" close to his tail, so that he was prevented from struggling in the least, and came up like a dead carcass.

We hoisted him close up, and when we had done so, his tail was well above the boom, whilst his head and shoulders were quite covered by water. We thus estimated him at eighteen to twenty feet long.

The noise of the captive had been so great, that we now had nearly every one in the ship around us, and many and various were the remarks passed on the horrible-looking brute suspended from the boom end.

At length a bright thought seemed to strike us all simultaneously.

"Let us put the bait over again, there may be more."

No sooner said than done; and almost no sooner done than a repetition of every detail of the previous capture was repeated, and another monster, equally large, equally foul-smelling, and equally hideous, hung head downward beside the last.

"Why, the place must be alive with them," was either the thought or exclamation of every one present.

The surgeon was looking out toward the glitter of the moon on the water when something seemed to have caught his eye.

"What are you looking at, doctor?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied;" but I thought I saw something cross the track of moonlight coming toward us. However, I must have been mistaken."

"No, you were not," I cried out, in a state of intense excitement. "No, you were not, for here it is coming close to us."

I had seen and was pointing to a black ominous triangular fin, which was slipping silently and swiftly toward the ship.

"There's another comin' down t'other way, sir," cried a blue jacket.

"And there comes another on the port quarter," cried another.

Sure enough, there were not only three, but, perhaps, six or eight, horrid waving triangular fins sweeping steadily down upon the ship.

We were all horrified at this unexpected result of our fishing, that we could do little but stare in amazement at the diabolical assemblage which was surrounding us.

It was clear enough that the scent of the blood of the two victims, or some horrible instinct, had warned the disgusting monsters of the presence of prey, and that they were assembling from all quarters to attack it.

I don't think were I to live a century I could ever recall the scene I saw that night enacted under our stern, without feeling a creeping shudder pass over me. The water boiled and raged with sharks. They snorted, and fought, and tore one another.

They leaped from the water, and with their great angry jaws they dragged the flesh in masses from the carcasses hanging at the bow end. The ship trembled and rocked, as the teeth of the brutes, with a sound as of a giant crescent saw, ripped the tough hides of the two dead sharks like strips of rag.

The confused noise of rushing water, grating teeth, tearing flesh, and snorting devils, formed a concerted piece whose horror could not certainly be equaled in the imagination.

And then to look into the water and see the pandemonium there existent; the furious writhing, leaping monsters, wallowing in foam and blood, the fearful dark, shapeless outlines, changing to white as they turned sideways to tear at their dead or living companions.

The flakes of foam which flew about, and the jets of spouting gore which sprang every now and then from some freshly wounded brute, showed clearly in the moonlight, and added to the character of the scene.

Had Dante really understood what torture was, he would have suspended his victim, by a cord ever breaking, over such a boiling mass of sharks as I saw that night, ever struggling for his blood.

How many of each other they ate that night I cannot say; but they actually tore away and consumed the bodies of the two dead sharks to a height of ten feet above the water, so that only a small piece of their tails was left at the further end, when the writhing mass of struggling monsters drifted astern, tearing away at each other's flesh, and fighting like fiends till they disappeared.

Will any one, after such a narrative as this, be ready to withhold credit to the awful voracity of the shark?

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRICITY.—In Sebnitz, in Saxony, experiments are being made to cover real flowers and leaves with a metallic coating by means of galvanic electricity. A way of doing this has been invented, and the question now is, how to make such weather-proof flowers available for millinery purposes.

ANIMATED BAROMETERS.—Goldfish that swim in globes of water are very sensitive to changes in the weather, and an observant person may learn to rely on them to foretell the coming of a storm. At such times the fish are restless. They dart about from place to place, and never remain long in one spot as they do in mild, pleasant weather.

BIG LAMP.—A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp, such as has probably never been seen before. The lamp is composed of 5600 pieces. It is six feet high and measures 3 feet 10 inches in diameter. It is fed with lard oil and the consumption is very small, its light being so powerful that one may read by it at a distance of 666 feet.

ALUMINIUM RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—On the French State Railways it is stated that a number of passenger cars in which all the parts were formerly manufactured from brass, copper and iron, with the exception of axles, wheels, bearings and springs, brake beams and couplings, are to be constructed of aluminium. The weight of a car provided with aluminium fittings is one and a half tons less than that of the old coaches. As an ordinary train in France consists of 20 vehicles, the weight of the train would thus be reduced by 30 tons.

Farm and Garden.

INCUBATION.—An electrician has devised an incubator, the heat of which is supplied by electricity. He finds, after close investigation, that 90 chickens can ordinarily be counted out of every 100 eggs placed in his incubator.

GRAIN.—Analyses of rye, wheat and oats straw show that a ton of rye straw contains ten pounds of nitrogen, five pounds phosphoric acid and seven pounds of pot ash, and these elements in the fertiliser market cost $4.50. A ton of oats straw has fertilising elements worth $3. Wheat straw is worth about the same as rye straw.

A POOR FARM.—When one buys a run-down farm at a low price he must expect to expend quite a sum before the farm will begin to pay. In the hands of an intelligent farmer such a farm may be made first-class in a few years, but the farmer who aims to make a poor farm pay by taking crops from it without any expenditure for plant food will only make himself and the land poorer.

FLOWER-GROWING. — Gardeners have come to the conclusion that the electric light will revolutionise flower-growing, for they have discovered that its influence upon the color and production of blossoms is nothing less than extraordinary. For instance, tulips that have been exposed to the electric light have deeper and richer tints, they flower more freely, and develop longer stems and bigger leaves than those grown in the ordinary way. Fuchsias too, under like conditions, bloom much earlier, as do petunias also, growing taller and much more slender. In some greenhouses the use of electric light is already being tried with a view to forcing flowers.

WITH the most insidious forms of disease—those of the throat and lungs—it is not wise to trifle. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the natural remedy.

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Moods and Temperaments.

Have you ever considered what a happy phrase "a wet blanket" is? It is really a highly-philosophical expression, conveying an idea of the nearness of extremes and the inevitable law of compensation. One sees in the term how thin is the dividing-line between the height of comfort and the height of discomfort, and one can have nothing but admiration for the author of such a concentrated expression.

When the term is applied, as it generally is, to individuals, it is worth looking into, for it suggests a truth which has a strong melancholy interest. And that truth is that the man who is ordinarily the brightest is at times the dullest. It must have been observed by every one who has given a thought to the question that there is no more depressing influence to be found in human experience than a brilliant man "out of sorts."

He who may ordinarily be relied upon to be the life and soul of any company, who can carry the whole burden of conversation upon his own shoulders without wearying his hearers, who can infect his companions with good humor, and who astonishes every one with his vivacity, his wit, and his elevation of spirits, is, at the turn of the tide, the most melancholy of all his companions. His virtue is like that of champagne, and, when flat, he is flat indeed. Just in proportion as his sprightliness is infectious, so is his dulness depressing to all who come in contact with him.

A brilliant man will seldom be mediocre. His strong individuality makes itself felt at all times; he cannot rid himself of its intensity into whatever channel his mood may lead him. The mediocre man, on the other hand, knows no intensity, and his presence is, at the least, of such slight leavening power than the trifling variations in his moods are hardly appreciable. The wet blanket must, first of all, possess the qualities of a blanket.

A great deal of time might be wasted in discussing whether the person of many moods or one of an equable temperament reaps the richest harvest of pleasure. If pleasure is merely the absence of pain, which one school of philosophy teaches; a dead level of contentment is of course the pleasantest path of life. But temperament is not a manufactured article, and our possession of it is irrespective of our own choice.

The most we can do is to control our emotions; to attempt to stifle them is to produce as conspicuous and artificial a result as the dyeing of one's hair. It is one of the mistakes often made by people who struggle after dignity that, instead of merely controlling their emotions, as every one is bound to do in some degree, they do their best to assume either an absence of emotion or a temperament which is absolutely foreign to their nature. There is a very narrow margin between uncontrolled emotions and hysteria, but stifled emotions always produce deplorable dulness.

One's moods however can only be controlled up to a certain point. Restrain them as we may, they will sooner or later break through, all the more severely perhaps in proportion to the restriction that has been put upon them. Is it one of the ironies or one of the privileges of life that it is impossible to keep oneself at a high level of spirits and mental activity? Is everything merely relative—and should we be powerless to recognise pleasure except in contrast with the experience of pain?

The sun disappears behind a cloud and comes out again. Should we appreciate its cheerfulness less if we had never known anything but a cloudless sky? Or, to put it in another way—which would be the preferable climate, one like our own, with its uncertainties, its occasions of brilliance and its occasions of the most depressing dulness, or one of an unchanging level, of medium brightness, with no frown and shine to accentuate its meaning?

A want of continuity of tastes and aspirations, which is more or less common to all of us, goes further than the old idea of the double nature of man—the good and evil spirits which inhabit his being. For there may be nothing inherently good or evil in the wild scheme he earnestly propounds to himself and as earnestly rejects.

The question of ethics does not enter the ideals of a man who one day conceives that the summit of his earthly ambition would be to paint a famous picture, and the next day imagines that it would be far more glorious to lead an army, and the third day feels that best of all would be a retired country life, far away from the bustle and turmoil of publicity.

There are many whose aspirations change far more widely than this from day to day; and there are few of us probably who could decide once and for all what we could do if the whole earth and its enterprises were at our beck and call.

Then, too, do we not change in our estimation of ourselves? Do we not one day rave at ourselves for being stupid fellows, leading aimless lives, and wanting taste, genius, and perseverence? And do we not on the morrow admit that we were mistaken, and patronizingly assure ourselves that we are, after all, at least above the average mankind, that practically no position in life is an impossibility for us?

Do we not one day imagine that all our acquaintances, kind though they are, secretly despise us as commonplace personages; and do we not immediately afterwards decide that we are lucky dogs to be so surrounded with friends? How is it that we know ourselves no better than this? How is it that we cannot strike an average of our qualities, and decide finally that we are fools, and try to mend our ways, or that we are wise men, and only need to keep ourselves from depreciating?

Is it that we really change our nature from day to day—or is it that our point of view, our thoughts, as represented in our moods, alone change? Or is it that we really are what we think we are, that we have no existence apart from our thoughts, and that, if we only learn to control our thoughts, we also learn to control our being? But now we are getting a little too involved in metaphysical problems, and had better extricate ourselves before we go under.

Perhaps, after all, the better part of life has fallen to those who are free from this train of thought. Introspection at the best is but a morbid pursuit, and leads only to perplexity and vexation. It is difficult to avoid it when it has become a habit of life, but it may possibly be dispelled by a course of football.

Yet, as we have said, it is impossible to decide whether the man of many moods or the man of few reaps the more satisfying harvest. Certainly the one is often intolerant of the other. Does not the high-spirited man become aggravated with the man who, he feels, is incapable of enthusiasm, and does not the latter, retaliating, call his friend hysterical? But on one point there is likely to be general agreement—that a lively temperament is the most enviable when it is properly under control.

Emotions are the expression of what is best in man—the capacity to enjoy life or the power to appreciate sympathetically the tragedies of existence. But they may be none the less real because they are not superficial; and it is a mistake to judge anobody's sentiments by the front presented to the world.

Emotions are too personal, too sacred, in the view of most of us, to be shared by the crowd; but he who does not realize them in his own soul is robbed of half his spirituality. To wantonly attempt to suppress emotions, to laugh away grief, or even to depreciate the pleasure of life, is to destroy the quality essential for happiness. But no man who enters fully into the meaning of life will solicit sympathy as he would votes.

PRESENCE of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored, and little cultivated; yet, like most other good things in this world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are, doubtless, to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right thing at the right time and place; but they are few in number. Then, again, some people are by nature cooler-headed than their neighbors, and do not shout or otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same thing as presence of mind. The latter consists not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them, and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self control and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter.

IF a book be worth reading once it is worth reading twice; and, if it stands a second reading, it may stand a third. This indeed is one great test of the excellence of books. Many books require to be read more than once in order to be seen in their proper colors and latent glories, and dim-discovered truths will by-and-by disclose themselves.

EVERY pure thought and noble resolve, every act of duty and of love, every sacrifice for principle, strengthen the power of goodness within us, and make it more certain that, when conflicts and emergencies arise, we shall not be overwhelmed.

SOCIAL life can be sweetened and improved by a smile and a kind word for every one. This requires no great talent. It is the outflow of a generous, appreciative, responsive, and kindly nature.

NO one ever acquired skill in any occupation by a struggle of the will, but by continual hard and earnest work, conquering difficulties one after another by daily toil.

IT is not the great things which we would do if we could that will count in the end, but the little things we could do if we would.

THE only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

PEOPLE who aim to keep others humble by exposing their weaknesses are apt to become proud of their ignoble task.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. D.—The Supreme Court of the United States consists of a chief justice and eight associate justices.

COUPE.—The name "Cymodoce" is to be found in Spenser's Faery Queen, book iv., 12. She was the mother of Marinel, and the daughter of Nereus, who was the parent of water nymphs.

BEL L.—You are "'ower young to marry yet." It will be best for you to wait till he makes some sign. At the same time it is easy, without betraying yourself, to let him see that you have a preference for his society.

W. G. I.—The words "scab" and "scob" are allied. Probably "scob" has come to us through the Latin; while "scab" has come from an old root, common to nearly all European languages. The use of "scab," as a low expression, for a mean, dirty fellow, is as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth at least, and is probably much older.

CONNIE.—There were five great crusades: The first in 1099, under Godfrey de Bouillon; in 1146, that under Louis VII. and Conrad III.; in 1190, that under Philip Augustus and "Coeur de Lion;" in 1248, that under Louis IX. ("St. Louis"); and the fifth in 1271, under Prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward I., who won two great battles after the death of St. Louis. The prince had intended to have joined St. Louis in his campaign against the Saracens.

E. A. S.—The term Lynch law can be traced to Ireland. In the Council books of Galway there is said to be a minute that "James Lynch, Mayor of Galway, hanged his own son out of the window for defrauding and killing strangers, without martial and common law, to show a good example to posterity." Date, 1493. The first lynching in America, of which we have an authentic account, was in 1687-8. It was subsequently practised, it is said, by a farmer named John Lynch, in North Carolina, and also in Virginia, by Mr. Lynch, the founder of Lynchburg.

J. W. B.—In many conditions of the nervous system electricity or galvanism is useful. It stimulates the nerves and improves their state, and it excites the muscles to action, and recovers them from the condition of wasting into which they may have fallen from disease. The continuous application of what are called magnetised apparatus to the body is a fanciful and perhaps illusory mode of using the remedy. Cases in which electricity is likely to be useful differ so widely and are so impossible for unskilled persons to detect that we strongly counsel you to seek the advice of some properly qualified practitioner before resorting to the use of such appliances of the class. If he approves the recourse, he will be able to point out the form of the remedy most likely to be serviceable.

TODDLEKINS.—We believe that we can tell our young friend the origin of the name "sandwich," as applied to a slice of cold meat enclosed between two of bread. Lord Sandwich during his administration was a gambler, and so great was the fascination this terrible vice had for him, that he took no note of fatigue or hunger as the hours ran on. But on one occasion, after playing for a day and night, he awoke to a sense of hunger and called for something to eat, whatever it might be, that allowed of his continuing the game. A slice of cold meat and two of bread were brought, and to hold the former, he placed it between the two latter, and so ate it without plate, knife, or fork. This attracted notice, and his example was followed, and the arrangement of these viands was henceforth known by his title.

ROBT. L.—Tact is address, or skill in management. Strictly speaking, it relates to the sort of ability exhibited in carrying out a predetermined scheme. A person with tact is able to avoid or cope with the unexpected obstacles in his path, and to accomplish his object by means direct or indirect. He will often turn the flank of his enemy and convert opposition into support, or at least compliance, by a skilful use of the means at his disposal; but there is nothing in tact which either requires or implies dishonesty, double-dealing, or deceit. Duplicity is essentially deceptive, doing one thing while pretending to do another. It is a despicable resort to sinister artifices. To accuse a person of duplicity is to charge him with cunning misrepresentation, or want of principle. Duplicity in its conventional use means double-dealing, and is used in a sense wholly bad.

PEACH.—Let the dead past bury its evil memories. Time points onward to the future and begets an earnest desire for amendment. Welcome the opportunity for reconciliation and a new life. Start afresh. That which is done cannot be effaced; but, by a rare and unexpected beneficence, there is in this case the promise of hope as to the future. We gladly endorse the wish that the young should be warned against yielding to youthful fire or passions, which one who has thrown the reins on the neck of desire and been carried to a bitter extremity of evil declares to be vain and full of disappointment. Unhappily these warnings are wont to be unheeded. Few young persons have the wisdom to learn by the experience of others. They go astray and suffer for themselves. It is seldom indeed that the path back to peace and happiness is opened as in this instance. Be thankful; hasten to embrace the opportunity, and let the future be an humble course of propriety which shall gradually obliterate the memory of the hideous past.

THE CHALLENGE.

BY M. A. M.

Now, all else forgotten, we two, in a world alone,
Wage the sweet, fierce contention of love that in strife is made known.
Each facing the other,
As foe or as lover,
We defy one another to love's contestation alone.

And what is the quarrel? Why, this—just to know if 'tis you
That love most, or if I in my loving outdo.
Each the other defying,
Each the other outvying,
And foolishly trying to conquer, where victors must rue.

So here face to face I withstand you, in love's strange debate!
Do you love? So do I! Nay, I yield not, but still am your mate.
Nor will ever confess
That my love is the less,
But still will profess that I love with a passion as great!

So still in love's challenge we meet, heart to heart, soul to soul!
And what you dare, I dare! Not for me is the pitiful dole
Of a goblet half filled,
Lest a drop should be spilled;
But my goblet is filled to the uttermost brim of the bowl!

On the Voyage Home.

BY S. L. P.

THE steamship "Norway" was lying in the Bombay docks, her decks flooded with moonlight, such moonlight as one never seems to see north of Suez.

There were very few people about on board, most of them were busy getting things ready in their cabins, trying vainly to make boxes go into impossible places and wondering irritably why those misguided people who built steamers did not make them bigger whilst they were about it.

Away near the stern stood a tall, slight woman, her hands lying lightly on the railing in front of her, her eyes looking out over the moonlit sea.

She had no hat on, and the moon, shining steadily overhead, showed a glint of fair hair and the pretty graceful lines of a girlish figure.

She never moved, except now and then to strike the white ringless hands together with a passionate little gesture.

The life which stretched before her when this voyage was over, held no bright, warm hopes, no dream of happy meetings, no vision of a loving welcome home; all the future was dark, and there seemed nothing but misery on ahead.

Her thoughts wandered back to the day when she had first seen Bombay. The sunshine and brightness had fascinated her to such an extent that she had laughingly declared she loved India so much she would never leave it.

And now? God knew she never wished to see it again, for was it not there that she had learnt the bitterest lesson a woman could learn?

Ah! well, she would try and forget. Try and forget! She glanced over her shoulder apprehensively as some one walked towards her, then the footsteps died away again.

Try and forget! She laughed as if in scorn of herself. Forget! Her grasp on the railing tightened, and a look of utter misery came into the sad dark eyes, a fear of that past that lay hidden away from all save those few who knew her life and—pitied her.

She shivered. Was she afraid still? Would she carry that fear till she died? She was safe here, surely she was safe here; no one on board knew her; she had seen the list of passengers, and it had shown only strangers' names.

Again that frightened backward glance over her shoulder. A man was coming towards her, but he turned aside and leant against the railing some ten yards off, singing softly to himself:

"I swear to be good and true to the maid
whom I fondly adore."

She shivered again. Why, oh, why did he come and sing that where she could hear it? Was any one good? Was any one true?

She could not stand there and listen, she felt it would drive her mad, so she turned quickly and walked across to the other side of the deck out of ear-shot.

"I swear to be good and true, I swear to be good and true."

Over and over again the words repeated themselves. She gave a curious little laugh, and nervously ran the fingers of her right hand across her left wrist and felt for something there, but—it had gone. She uttered a little cry of dismay and retraced her footsteps, her eyes bent upon the ground, until she reached the place where she had been standing when the familiar song drove her away.

There were deep shadows here and there, so she knelt down to see more clearly and began searching, when she heard a voice behind her, saying:

"I am afraid you have lost something. Can I help you find it?"

She looked up and saw it was the man who had unwittingly called up for her such a host of bitter memories. His face was in shadow, but the tone was courteous and well-bred.

"It is only——" and she hesitated, "only—a piece of velvet with a diamond stud in it. I have never dropped it before."

Then she turned away from him abruptly, forgetting the sudden wave of crimson which rose to her cheeks would have passed unnoticed in the moonlight. Never dropped it before! Had she really only worn it for a few days?

"I see something lying over there, I think," and he walked away, then bent down and picked up something. "Yes. Here it is," and he held it towards her.

It was a band of velvet about three inches wide, with a little diamond stud passed through a button-hole at one end.

"Oh! thank you so much," and the relief in her voice was evident as she stretched out her right hand eagerly for it. "I am so grateful to you for finding it. I wonder what time it is?"

She went on, evidently wishful to change the subject. He walked to the smoking-room door, where a lamp was burning and pulled out his watch, and she followed him, glancing up at his face as he did so.

"Just nine," he answered, looking back at her.

"Time to go to bed. Good night," and giving him a little bow, she passed through the door, and he saw her disappear down the companion ladder a moment afterwards.

She reached her cabin and peeped cautiously in. Wonderful to relate, it was empty.

Taking the velvet band she passed it round her left wrist, fastening the two ends together with the little stud.

"What a mercy it was I didn't drop it in the daylight," she murmured to herself. "I really must take care not to do it again; what would they all think? They would never guess the truth, at any rate, they couldn't do that," and again she clasped her wrist lightly with her right hand, whilst a look of such utter hatred and fear came into the sweet girlish face that it altered it almost beyond recognition.

Then she hid her face for a moment in her hands, as she prayed with her whole soul that she might at least find peace from that haunting fear, in the dear old land over the sea.

Captain Owen lay back in his chair and smoked. He had taken up a position which enabled him to get a good view of the girl who had attracted his notice the night before.

She was leaning back in her chair, a book lying unread in her lap, whilst her eyes looked out into the distance. He wondered vaguely to himself of what she was thinking.

Surely they could not be very pleasant thoughts to bring that curiously painted contraction to brow and lips. Miss Murray, the captain had called her at breakfast that morning. Perhaps she belonged to "Bill" Murray, colonel of the 205th; he had a grown-up daughter.

He opened his book, impatient with himself for feeling this uncalled-for interest in a woman he had not exchanged a dozen words with, and read with a determination worthy of a better cause until the tiffin bell rang.

After tiffin every one sat on deck and slept the sleep of the just, except Miss Murray, who wrote letters, balancing a writing pad on her knee, in the way women love to do.

A child came running round her chair, jerked her elbow and away went her inkstand, a black stream flowing sweetly over the deck.

"Oh, bother!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet, and hastily disposing of her writing paraphernalia, she began tearing up bits of blotting paper and throwing them into the inky little river.

Tom Owen, who had been peacefully dozing, woke up at this juncture, and coming across the deck said gravely, but with a laugh in his eyes:

"Please spare your blotting paper. I don't fancy this steamer boasts many resources of that kind. I'll call one of the stewards to come and wipe it up."

"Thank you so much; please do."

And he walked away, then came back and stood leaning with his back to the railing, looking down at her.

She had gone back to her chair again, and was trying to dip her pen right through the bottom of the ink bottle, in her endeavor to find some few remaining drops.

Suddenly she looked up at him and smiled. Such a smile! All the sadness in her face disappeared, the lips lost that hard, almost defiant look; and her eyes! Yes, her eyes were glorious!

The thought flashed through Tom Owen's mind that he would give a good deal to be able often to bring that smile to her face.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," she quoted, with a little laugh. "Thank you so much for coming to the rescue, it is such an awful mess. I hope the captain won't have me up for damaging his ship. But it wasn't really all my fault, a child came running round and jogged my elbow, and—then——" and she paused tragically.

"Show me the child and I will severely chastise it, provided its mother is nowhere to be seen, as in that case she might chastise me, you know."

Blanche Murray laughed.

"I don't think she could hurt you very much," glancing at the broad shoulders and strongly-built figure. "I should be more sorry for the child."

"Misplaced sympathy, indeed," in a would-be injured tone. "Do you want to go on writing, or may I sit down and talk to you?

She said she was tired of writing, they were only business letters, so he sat down near her and they talked.

"I've just come from Lucknow," he said, in answer to her question, asking him what part of India he had come from. "Have you ever been there? I never remember seeing you, and I've been there with my regiment for two years now." He paused for a moment, and as no answer came, asked:

"Perhaps you don't know the north-west?"

"No."

"The Punjab?"

"No."

"Madras?"

A shake of her head.

He hesitated a moment, but his curiosity got the better of him.

"Where have you spent most of your time out here?"

He was watching her intently, admiring the well-cut nose and the delicate curves of the pretty, determined mouth and chin.

She raised her eyes quickly, and as she did so she turned white to her very lips, grasping the arms of her chair with both her hands.

Involuntarily, Tom Owen turned his head in the direction in which she was looking, and saw a tall thin man leaning against the smoking-room door, looking out to sea, a pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets.

Owen looked back at his companion inquiringly, but the color had come back to her face, and save for the nervous tapping of her fingers on the arms of her chair, she showed no sign of emotion.

"You were asking——?" she began.

"Where you had spent most of your time out here."

There was just a moment's pause before she answered, then:

"I have been in Burma most of the time," she said, "in far-away places no one ever even heard of, or wants to hear of," with a little laugh that jarred on him, though he could not tell why.

"Where one hardly sees a European for weeks together, and when you do see them you wish you hadn't! Rangoon, the only big station I was ever in out there, was different. Rangoon was heaven compared to those other places."

Then she turned the conversation to other things, and try as he would he could not get her to say another word about herself.

The tiffin bell rang, and as Captain Owen followed Miss Murray a few minutes later into the saloon, the man whom he had noticed on deck came forward and held out his hand.

"How d'o do?" he said, looking down at her. "How curious you and I should be fellow travelers, isn't it?"

The sneer was scarcely perceptible, but the girl to whom it was addressed read between the lines only too well.

"Very," she answered almost defiantly, calmly ignoring the outstretched hand, and with her head thrown up a little more proudly than usual, she brushed past him to her place at the table.

"Hullo! so she knows him. Wonder who he is. Looks an awful brute, I must say," mused Tom, as he helped himself to cold beef. "By Jove! how frightened she looked when he spoke to her. Poor little girl!"

Another beautiful moonlight night. Blanche Murray sat in her stifling hot little cabin until she could bear the heat no longer and went on deck. Owen was standing with his back to the railing smoking. He had been watching for her for the last hour.

She stood near the door of the smoking-room for a moment and he walked up to her.

She started and a look so full of fear that it hurt him to see it came into her face.

"Oh, it is you!" she said gently, looking up at him; "it is so difficult to recognise people in this light."

"Come and sit down, will you? It is so jolly and cool up here now. How any one can exist downstairs beats me."

They found a seat near the stern and sat down together.

"Have you discovered who most of the passengers are by now? I always think it is rather fun trying to make out who is who. I see you know the man who is called Campbell. What is he? He doesn't look as if he was in the service."

He asked the question after they had been talking for some time, and though he had wished to ask it sooner, had not liked to do so.

He felt that he must know what was the connection between these two, and learn some explanation of that frightened look he had seen on her face twice already that day.

"Yes; I knew him in Burma. He is in the Civil Service," she answered rather shortly.

At that moment Campbell passed and, standing still for a moment, scrutinised them carefully in the moonlight.

"Ah! so it is Miss Murray," he said with a disagreeable laugh and a curious emphasis on the name. "What a lovely moonlight night, isn't it? I love the moonlight, though I can understand it must be most inconvenient at times. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," she answered very quietly, "most inconvenient. One hears such thrilling stories, of watched prisoners trying to escape, and of men who have to cross an enemy's country, in which the moon plays anything but a kind part."

"Exactly, for anyone trying to escape! It must be most trying, mustn't it, Miss Murray?"

"Isn't that just what Miss Murray has said?" broke in Tom Owen impatiently. He felt that Campbell was annoying her, though he was at a loss to guess why.

The other man looked down at him, then turning to Blanche asked with a sneer:

"May I learn the name of your companion?"

His impertinent tone made Tom's blood boil.

"My name is Owen, and if ever Miss Murray is in want of a 'companion,' I shall be most happy to fill the post," he answered coolly, but the other read the challenge in his tone.

"Miss Murray is indeed honored," he ironically. "It really sounds quite romantic. The effect of the moonlight, I suppose," and turning on his heel he walked away.

"What an impertinent brute the man is," Tom began angrily, then stopped short. "I beg your pardon—I forgot—he is a friend of yours?"

"A friend of mine! No! No! I—I—" she broke off suddenly. "The moon is nearly full now," she said nervously, "isn't it?"

He did not answer. He was disappointed, more than he cared to own at the sudden cold reserve in her tone. A few minutes after she got up, and wishing him good night, left him to his thoughts, which were not wholly pleasant ones.

The weather was lovely, and the days passed all too quickly for two people on board.

Captain Owen had been true to his word and had indeed proved himself Blanche Murray's companion. Hardly a day passed but he saved her from some petty annoyance at Campbell's hands.

The latter would try repeatedly to get her to himself, but Owen knew intuitively that she hated being alone with the man, and in his well-bred, casual way would never hesitate to put an end to these tete-a-tetes, thereby gaining Camp-

bell's cordial dislike, which did not affect him in the least.

And Blanche Murray, as she knelt morning and evening in the stuffy little cabin, thanked God that he had sent this man to befriend and take care of her, as she had never before been cared for in all her young life; and then she would break off suddenly in her prayer, wondering hopelessly if, after all, this friendship was not the greatest curse that had ever yet come upon her.

They were nearing Marseilles, and in a few days would be in port, and then? Tom Owen asked himself the question with a sigh of regret, as he looked up into the star-lit sky and then back again to the tall, graceful figure at his side.

The nights were comparatively cold now, and Blanche shivered as she drew her cloak more closely round her. He noticed it, as he always noticed her slightest gesture.

"I'll go and fetch you a rug," he said; "it's quite early, it really is, only half-past seven; you can't go to bed yet, you know, and they are making such an awful row in the saloon," for she seldom came on deck after dinner now that the heat in the saloon was tolerable, preferring, for reasons best known to herself, to stay and listen to excruciatingly bad playing and still worse singing. "Please stay here until I come back."

She nodded acquiescence. He came back in a few minutes with a rug, and drawing up a chair he made her sit down and, after wrapping her up carefully, sat down near her.

"I hate to think," he began, breaking the silence at last, "that this voyage is coming to an end soon. Goodness only knows when I shall see you again; you will give me your home address, won't you? You won't let me lose sight of you? I can't tell you——"

"Captain Owen," she interrupted, "don't ask me where I am going—for I—don't know."

"Don't know where you are going!" he echoed in surprise; "but surely——"

"You have always been so kind to me," she went on pleadingly, "I know you will prove so still. For God's sake, let me go without asking me any questions. This time next week we shall have gone our different ways, and all this voyage will be as if it had never been."

It was too dark for her to see his face distinctly, but his tone was full of pain as he answered:

"Can't you trust me child? You know I don't want to force your confidence, but I would do anything I could to help you. I know you are in trouble, though you have never told me one word of yourself. Won't you let me be your friend?"

"No! No! It can't be; God knows I wish it could be otherwise," with a quiver in her voice, "but it can't."

"Won't you tell me just one thing?" he asked bending towards her. "Why are you so frightened of that hound?"

"Frightened—I—of——?"

"Of Mr. Campbell," he interrupted sternly; "you know who I mean quite well. Do you think through all these days I have never noticed how you start at the mention of his name? how you grow white when you think he is coming near you? Oh, child! child!" he broke off passionately. "Why don't you trust me; you must know——" he stopped short, as he heard a man's footsteps coming towards them.

"Miss Murray, you have indeed found a secluded nook," said Campbell in the familiar tone it jarred so on Tom Owen to hear him use to her. "What a pity these charming evenings will so soon be at an end, isn't it? for you and Captain Owen, that is to say; I fancy it is rather lucky for some one else, eh?

"Ah! you have dropped something What! that piece of black velvet you are so fond of wearing as a bracelet? A very curious fancy, isn't it, Owen?"

"I once heard of a woman who was tied to a heavy chest by a dog chain fastened to her——What! going already, Miss Murray!" as the girl rose suddenly to her feet. "Such a lovely evening too, it seems a pity to go down. So sorry you insist on leaving us. Good night, and—pleasant dreams. I'll tell you my little story another time, if you will remind me," raising his voice as she walked away.

Owen followed her quickly.

"Why are you going? He is a horrid, impertinent brute, but I don't think he meant to annoy you then."

"Didn't mean to annoy me," and she laughed bitterly. "Oh, no; of course he didn't? of course he didn't!"

The lamp from the smoking room threw the light on to her face.

"You are as white as a sheet, child. What is the matter? Can't I help you?" he asked earnestly, looking down at her.

"No no. No one can help me. I am—past help. Good-night, and—thank you," and in a moment she had gone.

* * * * * *

It was the most perfect morning, cool and bright, and as Blanche came on deck, she uttered a cry of delight.

On one side lay the coast of Italy, so near that she felt she could touch it with her hand; on the other, Sicily, bathed in sunlight, its vine clad hills sloping down to the water, and its trim white villas peeping out from amongst the trees.

Presently, as they got into more open water, she saw Etna standing out stern and clear against the pale morning sky, whilst far away in the distance Stromboli lay, resting like some great cloud upon the sea.

She stood looking out over the water, as she had stood that first evening in Bombay harbor. Her eyes were sadder, her fear greater, her longing for peace and rest more intense than it had been then.

The future was so dark she dared not glance ahead. And the past? Well, that would not bear looking into either. Her thoughts wandered back to her childhood and girlhood.

Brought up by an aunt who cared nothing for her, and whose evident relief when Blanche was old enough to join her father in India was plain enough to see. A few weeks of happiness, then came her greatest grief: her father died. She laughed oddly. Was that grief compared to the load of misery that was hers now? And now?

Tom Owen's handsome face, with the kind blue eyes came before her. How good he was to her; how thoughtful he was for her always in a hundred little ways. And some women—Oh, God! was it just?—some women could count upon such tender care as that through all their lives, sheltered from all sorrow and trouble, while she—she had to stand alone, unaided, unprotected.

"Good-morning!"—it was Campbell's voice, and seem to fit in well with her misery. "You are up very early this morning. How disappointed Captain Owen will be to have missed this opportunity. You should have told him last night when to come up. I am sure he would have been dressed at sunrise to please you," he ended, with an impertinent laugh.

A wave of crimson passed over the girl's face, and she made a movement as if to walk away, but he put out his hand and held her by her left wrist.

"Look here," he said angrily, "you've got to stay and listen to what I've got to say. I won't be treated in this way any longer, and if you go on in the way you have been doing I'll tell every one on board about that," holding up her wrist, then letting it drop.

"I always knew," she answered very quietly, all the color gone from her face, "that you were a coward; now I know you are a bully too. I ought to have known what to have expected at your hands. I imagined—wrongly, I admit—that there might be some spark of honor or gentlemanly feeling left in you. You see I was mistaken."

He looked down at her half-angrily, half-admiringly, baffled by her perfect self-possession.

"You treat me very cruelly, Blanche," he began.

"Blanche is not the name for you to use," she interrupted haughtily; "remember that, if you please."

"At any rate you have no right to the one you use," he rejoined with a sneer. "Forgive me," breaking off with a sudden change of voice; "you know I am hurt and angry. I love you so well, so dearly——"

"How dare you speak——"

"Because I love you!"

"And I—I hate you!" she cried angrily, her eyes ablaze. "Because I am alone and unprotected am I to be treated in this way?"

"I love you," he repeated doggedly. "I loved you before—before—— Curse him!" he muttered between his teeth. "You never would listen to me then, and later on he misunderstood—yes, misunderstood."

And he laughed contemptuously.

"He thought you loved me then, and I let him think it. Why not? I almost hated you then; I would have done anything to hurt you, and I will do anything I can, too, unless I can win you for myself."

She felt his hot breath on her cheek, as he thrust his face down to hers, and she recoiled as if she had been stung.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Not that! not that! You say you love me, and yet you would send me back to that life," and she shuddered, "or else—ruin me."

"Hush! don' get into such a state of mind," he put in hastily; "some one may hear you. You women always get so tragical; and, after all," with another sneer, "I am only making love to you instead of Captain Owen; he is always——"

"It is a lie," she burst out passionately; "a wicked lie. He is kind, and I have appreciated his kindness, that is all. Made love to me. Good God! How dare you insult me in this way. What have I ever done, through the last few years you have known me, ever to justify such a charge as that? And now—because you know I have placed myself in a false position; because you see I am utterly unprotected—you come to threaten and insult me. Ah, you are, indeed, most generous. Think what you like, it can make no difference to the truth. If all men were like Captain Owen, there would be no lives like mine."

"Your life will be no easier by trying to make me jealous," he said meaningly. "I give you until we get to Marseilles, which will be possibly some time to-morrow, to decide. If you decide for me you shall never regret it. I have always loved you, and will spend my life in trying to make you happy. I will——"

"If you are determined to insult me, I cannot stop you," she interrupted very quietly.

"And if you do not do as I wish," he rejoined, growing angry, "I will, as soon as we reach Marseilles, telegraph to—Burma; and all your future movements will be known there too."

"How can you be so cruel?" And the tone was almost a wail in its agony. "You, who know what my life was; who have seen how I was treated; you, who know of—this," touching the velvet band on her wrist; "oh, no one could be so utterly cruel, knowing all this, to——"

"Can't you understand that it is only that that gives me any power over you? Call me anything you like, but I stick to my resolve. As I said before, you shall never regret deciding for me, but if you don't—well, I shall do as I said. You understand?"

For a moment no answer came. Her lips were white and drawn, and the eyes looking up at him were so full of terror that even he could not bear to see them, and turned his head away.

"Yes—I—understand," she said slowly, as if the words hurt her; "and I tell you," drawing herself up, all the fear in her face giving way to contempt, "to—telegraph to Burma."

And without another word she walked away and left him.

Miss Murray was not at either breakfast or luncheon. Tom Owen, on asking the stewardess what was the matter, was told that "Miss Murray had been packing, and had a very bad headache."

Half-past five came; he could stand it no longer, and scribbling off a little note, sent it to her cabin.

The note ran thus:

"DEAR MISS MURRAY,

"I am sorry to hear you have a headache. Do come up on deck after dinner; the cool air will do it good.

"Yours sincerely,

"T. OWEN."

She sat looking down at the piece of paper in her hand, as thought after thought chased each other through her mind. Yes, she would go. He would never guess the pain it was to feel it was the last time he would talk to her; only her own heart knew this new bitterness. He only looked upon her as a friend, and—to-morrow she would lose him for ever. Yes, she would go.

The dinner-bell rang before she had changed her dress, the consequence being that she was ten minutes late. Owen watched her as she made her apologies to the captain.

She was usually rather pale, but to-night the color in her cheeks was lovely, and her eyes seemed larger and more brilliant than he had ever seen them.

She talked incessantly, and, although down at his end of the table he could not hear what was said, he gathered from the laughter that went on round her that she was the life of the party. Just once she turned her head in his direction, and for a moment her eyes held his with a look he could not understand, for it seemed to have no part in the merriment around her.

"At last, he said, as she joined him on deck after dinner. "I thought you were going to shut yourself up and never let us speak to you again. Have you got enough cloaks and things on? It is really awfully cold to-night."

"Yes, thank you; heaps."

"Then come along and sit down on the seat near the stern. It is nice and quiet up there, and we can talk comfortably. Well," after he had wrapped a rug round her, "how's your head?"

"It feels like a live coal," she answered with a little laugh, such a tired little laugh.

"I am so sorry. You have been packing, haven't you? And that's always tiring work; and then you are unhappy into the bargain. I wish," he added wistfully, "you would tell me what is bothering you?"

"Lots of things, but I can't tell you them ——— What does it matter? No one cares."

"No one cares? No one cares? Why do you say that?" and he bent down towards her, but he could not tell the expression of her face in the darkness. "Why, you know, you must know, that I care, that what troubles you matters more to me than anything in this wide world.

"I love you, child, I love you; but I never dared tell you before, because you always held me at arm's length, and showed me so plainly you did not want to tell me anything about yourself. But you were lonely and unhappy. I knew that, just—because I loved you, and I have tried to shield you from that brute because I knew he frightened you.

"Won't you say something to me? Blanche, Blanche, what is it, dear?" for she had turned away and covered her face with her hands. "Are you angry with me? I am sorry if I have bothered you, but I couldn't help telling you. You said no one cared, and I have cared so much that nothing else in heaven or earth seems to matter. I couldn't bear you to say that. Speak to me, won't you? If you don't want me to say anything more I won't, but I hoped you might learn to care, too, some day."

Learn to care, too, some day! Some day! When she loved him now, now, with the whole strength of her heart. She dropped her hands into her lap and looked out into the darkness. She had forgotten everything, everything.

The past with its misery faded away and left her standing face to face with this reality—he loved her—he loved her. It was the supreme moment of her life, and she sat motionless as she drank deep of that intoxicating gladness which swept across her heart.

"Do you care for me, Blanche?"

The words seemed to mingle with her thoughts, and with a swift glad gesture she put her hands into his.

"God knows I do!"

That passionate cry of hers recalled her to herself. She had forgotten. Forgotten that the love he offered her must be refused—forgotten that the love he offered her must be refused—forgotten that between his life and hers was a barrier built that nothing could break down, forgotten that the love she gave him was—a sin.

He was holding her hands tight in both his own, looking down into the pale face so close to his.

"My darling," he began——

"Oh stop! for pity's sake, stop!"

He dropped her hands in surprise and drew back a little.

"You—you—must not talk to me like that," she went on piteously; "it is wrong, it is wrong. Let me go, and never speak to me again. Oh, don't ask me to tell you why. I cannot. I cannot."

"But you told me just now you cared for me, you——"

"And so I do!" she interrupted fiercely. "Care! Oh! I never knew what it was to care before. I never knew one could care—like this," and her voice sank to a whisper. "Remember," she added, "remember that, whatever you may hear of me in the days to come."

They neither of them spoke for a minute, then she went on quickly:

"But oh! I never guessed you cared, or I would never have spoken to you even. I only thought," and her voice was full of pleading—as if he blamed her!"—"I only thought you were sorry for me. To-morrow—to-morrow—I knew you would go away, and I should never see you again. You were so kind—so kind—but believe me I never dreamt you loved me."

"I don't understand," he said very gently. "You love me, I love you. Surely you will tell me what there is between us."

"I cannot, not now. To-morrow, if I can"—an odd thought flashed across her mind—"I will tell you. I must go now, I am so tired."

He walked with her to the top of the companion ladder.

"I hope you will sleep well, and have a good night," he said.

She laughed oddly.

"I think I shall have a good night," then, with a change of tone, "There is only one little girl of fourteen in my cabin, and she is always as good as gold, and never disturbs me. Good-night."

She held out her hand and looked up into his strong, kind face, bent down so anxiously towards her, and to his dying day Tom Owen never forgot the intense longing in her eyes.

"Good-night, and God bless you," he said reverently.

Blanche Murray closed the door of her cabin softly behind her, then bent over the little girl's berth. The child was fast asleep, one hand under her rounded rosy cheek, the other lying palm upwards on the counterpane. A little smile touched her lips, and every feature told of perfect rest and content.

The contrast between them seemed so great, and the woman's face gained an added sadness as she watched. Oh! if she might go back again and rectify that one great mistake of her life!

Turning away with a sharp sigh, she went up to the lamp and turned it down quite low. She wanted to think, and the light hurt her eyes.

He loved her.

And to-morrow he must know.

The blood rushed to her cheeks and she covered her burning face with her hands.

What would he think of her? Would he blame her—turn from her in disgust? Dear Heaven, surely not that.

How could she go to him and say, "I am married, and I am running away from my husband?" She laughed harshly, and the laugh startled her.

He loved her.

Dick Campbell had said he loved her. He had sworn to make her rue the day when she married another man. He had followed her from place to place, rousing the all-too ready anger of her husband, until at last her life grew unbearable. Was that love?

Her husband had said he loved her—once. She had trusted him, she was such a girl then, only seventeen, and her father was dead, there was no one to go to for advice.

How long had her trust lasted? Had she not grown to dread his step, to start at the sound of his voice, to live in terror of what each fresh day might bring forth? And she had borne it all until—that night.

A scene rose before her.

It was a lovely night, soft and balmy, and the stars twinkled brightly in the clear eastern sky. From the far distance came the sound of the Burmese temple bells, now rising, now falling, on the still night air, as the wind swept gently through them.

She was sitting in the wide verandah that ran in front of the drawing-room, and her husband came in.

"No Campbell has been here this afternoon?"

She could hear the angry, sneering tones as she had heard them then. A torrent of abuse followed. She never spoke to him—what was the use? He never listened except to grow ten times angrier.

"What are you doing this evening?" he had asked.

As he was dining at the club, she had promised to dine with Mrs. Ashton, she had answered. He turned round on her, said he supposed it was to meet Campbell, and had forbidden her to go.

"If you attempt to go I shall lock you up."

Those were his very words.

"If you think such things, even, as locking your wife up," she had answered proudly, "I certainly think you are not fit to stay with. Why do you pretend to be jealous of Mr. Campbell? You know you are not really so; you grew tired of me after the first few weeks, and only make this a peg to hang your insults on."

His fury had passed all bounds then, for he knew she spoke the truth.

She shuddered.

What was the use of going into it all?—of recalling how he had dragged her to a disused room, and, fastening a dog-chain to her wrist, securing it with a piece of cord at each end, had chained her to a heavy chest.

Then telling her she should stay there until he chose to release her, had left her, coming back to add that if she cried out for help the servants would tell how they had found her, and the story would be all over the station in the morning.

Of how she had struggled and struggled until the chain had cut a deep line all round the tender wrist, as she battled fruitlessly against the unyielding steel, trying vainly to undo the cord.

She shivered from head to foot. Would she ever forget that night? The terror of knowing that she was in his hands, the fearful knowledge that she was—his wife—his—wife.

Help had come at last. Her old ayah, who had searched everywhere for her, telling the servants she knew evil had befallen the mem-sahib, for it was now past nine o'clock and she had never changed her dress for dinner, found her at last and, cutting the cord, had set her free—free!

And that night she had run away.

Just as she crossed the compound in a flood of moonlight she had seen a man's figure near the gateway, and, dashing in amongst the trees, she had run for dear life through the sheltering shadows.

That figure, she knew now, had been Campbell's; knew, too, that he must have gone to the house, learnt the story of that wretched night from her ayah (whose greatest gift was not discretion), and then followed her to Bombay.

That was all past—and now the future.

To be dogged by Dick Campbell, or—to go back to her husband. She raised her hand to her head as if to try and still its aching. And the only honest, tender, unselfish love that was hers, the love that might have turned earth for her into heaven—had it not come too late?—could bring nothing but misery, utter misery, in its train now. Oh! the pain of it!—the pain of it!

She turned up the lamp, and getting out her writing-pad, wrote steadily for half-an hour or so.

"It will be easier to write it than to tell it him," she told herself. "Perhaps I might never be able to tell him, who knows? And he must know—to-morrow."

Then throwing on a long cloak, after placing her letter on the tiny shelf above her wash-hand basin, she went quietly through the great folding doors leading into the passage and so out on to the lower deck.

The wind had risen and big heavy clouds were chasing each other across the sky. She leant over the side and looked down into the dark water. And—to-morrow he must know.

To-morrow. The word seemed to shriek through the air, and she turned with a start, half expecting to see some one who had spoken it.

Then she turned back and thoughtfully watched the water dashing up against the side, splashing her from time to time with a shower of spray.

How near that angry sea seemed. How easy it would be. Just to climb to the top of that rail, steady herself, and—then.

She thought of the life before her with a dread nothing could still.

She pictured to herself how through all the weary years to come she would live with that fear upon her. And the love that had come to her now would but make life a thousand times more hard to bear.

Was it right, was it just, that she, who was so young, should have had such a life of suffering? Had she not struggled to be a good wife, to do her duty, though no love was there to help her to carry it through?

It was too much, too much! God had tried her too sorely, she could not bear it any longer. Life held nothing for her but wretchedness, beyond the common wretchedness that seemed to be the lot of all.

To-morrow he must know. How could she tell him? How bear to see the pain on that dear face, and know that she had no power to drive it away?

She could not bear it, she could not.

She put both her hands firmly on the rail and began to raise herself.

"Blanche! Blanche!"

It was only a whisper, but she stood still and listened.

"Father!" she cried, but only the wind whistling past answered her.

"I thought I heard him call me," she told herself dreamily. "Dear father."

What would he say to her? She let her arms drop to her sides as she asked her self the question with a start, raising her hand in a moment to steady herself, for the steamer was rolling heavily.

What would he say? That she was wicked!—a coward to take her life because it was so hard to live it out.

Wicked, and a coward—yes.

She looked up into the cloudy sky and a prayer for help went up from her heart. Death must come some day, until then God grant her strength to live her life.

Hours seemed to pass as she stood there gathering courage to face the future, battling with that fierce wish to take her fate in her own hands and end her misery. But the struggle came to an end at last, the temptation was over, and she had conquered.

Drawing her cloak more closely round her and she turned away from the railing with a resolute step and began to make her way towards the folding doors, and——

It was all over in a moment. A huge wave breaking over the lower deck tossed her like a plaything against the saloon house, where her head struck sharply, and—Blanche Murray's life had been lived bravely to the end. Her voyage was over and she had reached home.

Next morning, when they found her, they noticed, all round her left wrist a deep, angry scar, which showed signs of having only recently healed, and some yards away, stiffened and spoilt by the sea water, lay the velvet band she had always worn as a bracelet, the little stud still fastened to one end.

The piece of velvet had done its work, there was no need for concealment now, for she was beyond the reach of the world's stinging tongue.

A letter, addressed to Captain Owen, was found in her cabin and given to him. And as he read it the love in his heart grew stronger. He could love her still and break no law of God or man in the doing now.

To-morrow had come—and he knew.

THE CAPTURE OF AN ORCHID.—Amongst the flowers of tropical lands, none are more prized for their beautiful and curious forms and fragrant scent than the orchids, which grow in all sorts of odd places, but mostly on the ground, or perched high up amongst the branches of the trees.

The orchids of the Guiana forests provide a home for the black ants—"free, gratis, and for nothing."

Why? Because they prey upon the cockroaches, which would otherwise destroy the plant by eating up its juiciest portions.

So that when a human orchid-hunter tries to capture a plant, he has to reckon with thousands of tiny foes that fight to the very last.

After the plant has been dislodged from the tree—no easy task—it is usual to attach it to a long bamboo pole and throw it into the river, until the ants are thoroughly washed out of it.

And all the time the boat has to be kept up stream and the pole carefully watched, lest the ants come aboard.

By-and-by the insects confess themselves beaten, and the orchid-seeker retires with his dearly-won prize.

THERE'S MONEY IN RATS.—When Louise Michel was in prison she was permitted to have three of her cats with her. But she soon discovered that she would have the company of other animals as well, for some rats paid her a visit.

Their first visit ended badly for them, as the cats attacked them and slew one and wounded another. Mdlle. Michel nursed the wounded rat, and her kindness made the other rats her friends. They "called" upon her twice every day and behaved excellently. She found them respectful to the old, kind to the unfortunate, and full of family feeling.

The governor of the prison sent them food from his table, and sometimes came himself to see them. Mdlle. Michel's example of treating these creatures with kindness was copied by other persons, who agree that the rat is a capital animal for the showman.

A Russian trained a number to act as sailors upon a miniature ship, the rigging of which they climbed very cleverly. He found them more teachable than dogs, which is saying a good deal.

MIND AND HEALTH. The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health; or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered.

Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

At Home and Abroad.

The women of Uri, Switzerland, have established a "Society of Family Duty." The members are pledged to abstain from indulging in gossip, and Article VI of the constitution imposes a heavy fine upon those who take part in political campaigns. Some women indulged lately in electioneering, and numerous domestic quarrels were the result; hence the creation of the society.

New Zealand is considering a draft for a bill excluding consumptives from the colony, on the same lines as her present laws against lepers, small-pox sufferers, and others afflicted with contagious disease. A law visiting heavy penalties on ship captains bringing consumptives to the colony will compel them to demand clean bills of health from passengers before taking them on board.

The Viennese take their pleasure as regularly as they do their meals; but they do not neglect business, or keep late hours. One thing, perhaps, which helps to keep the young Viennese of moderate means and economical mind regular in his evening hours is the fact that he must pay to get into his own rooms after ten o'clock. Vienna is one vast system of apartment houses, and a housemaster is in charge of each one. At ten o'clock he locks the front door, and anyone desiring to get in after that hour must pay him for admittance, and the old resident has no more right to a key than the bird of passage. The housemaster is no respecter of persons.

In these days of heavy gold shipments the specie room in the steamship is a very important institution. It is usually situated in an out-of-the way place amidships. Few of the passengers know of its existance, or of the valuable treasure that is carried across the ocean with them. The room varies slightly in different ships, but is usually about sixteen feet long by ten feet wide and eight feet high. It is constructed of steel plates one quarter of an inch in thickness and strongly riveted together. The floor, ceiling and the walls of the room are all of steel plates. There is a heavy door, also made of steel, which is provided with a variety of combination lock that is said to be burglar proof.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina seem to be tolerably wide awake. In a recent decision in which they denied the right of a dentist to give a prescription for the sale of whisky on Sunday, the honorable Judges shrewdly remarks: "If dentists came within the term 'physician,' as used in code, Section 11, 'toothache' would become alarmingly more prevalent than 'snake-bite,' and that it would, with usage, become more dangerous is evident from the fact that the very first dental surgeon's prescription for toothache coming before us is for 'one pint of whisky.' The size of the tooth is not given, nor whether it was a molar, incisor, eye-tooth or wisdom tooth—and yet there are thirty-two teeth in a full set, each of which might ache on Sunday."

A sailing ship some time ago, on leaving Belfast for the United States, took on board two thousand tons of Irish soil as ballast. An idea occurred to some one on the vessel, and this soil was leveled out making quite a large patch. This was at once planted with cabbages, leeks, peas, beans and other vegetables, which thrived wonderfully. The crew amused themselves by gardening, and after a little time there was a constant supply of fresh vegetables which could be gathered daily, in spite of the rapid growth of weeds which could be only kept down with great difficulty. Live pigs were carried on the vessel, and the last one was killed and served with green vegetables just as the vessel entered the Columbia River. On arrival at the port of destination, the soil, being no longer required for ballast, was piled up neatly on the wharf. It was a curious experiment, and one that suggests many possibilities, granted that space would be available.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Our Young Folks.

PHYLLIS AND HER DOLLS

BY A. J. F.

IT was a very hot day in the middle of summer. The sun was shining brightly into the old-fashioned garden, where Phyllis was trotting about, with her large white sun-bonnet, hanging by the ribbons, from her neck.

"Oh, it is hot!" she cried, as she threw herself down upon the lawn and crawled under the shady branches of the old mulberry tree.

Phyllis sat still for a moment, but only for a moment; then she espied some tall flowers that were hanging their heads, as the sun continued to pour down upon them.

"I know what I'll do," she said as she jumped up; "I'll give the poor flowers some water."

The tall flowers seemed to hear what the little girl said, for they straightened themselves up and saw her go racing up the path and fetch her little water can. This she took and placed under the tap and then turn the water on. Before the pot was half full a little butterfly came flying by and attracted her attention.

In a moment she was running after it, sometimes almost catching it as the little thing stopped to rest upon a flower.

Presently it alighted upon the tall hollyhock that was bending its head so for want of the water which was now so quickly running away, overflowing the watering pot and soaking into the gravel walk; and the poor flower whispered something to the little butterfly, and it once more started in its flight.

This time the pretty little thing made straight for the watering can, thinking, no doubt, that by doing this it would remind Phyllis that she had promised to water the poor flowers.

The little girl, with hot cheeks and panting breath, came running after it.

She was getting cross, and when passing by the large French windows that opened on to the lawn, she turned in saying, "Bother the butterfly!" having entirely forgotten about the poor flowers and the water that she had left turned full on.

Phyllis wandered about the room, and opened and shut several books that were lying about. Then she stood upon the fender and tried to open the front of the clock.

She had almost succeeded, when nurse entered, opened the door, and seeing the hot flushed face of the little girl as she was standing upon the hearthrug, thought that she had been overheating herself, and said she had better go and rest in the nursery for an hour.

"I don't want to—I want to stay here," she cried, with a naughty little pout.

"But it will be better for you, dearie," nurse answered; "you will be nice and quiet up there."

"Yes, but I have nothing to play with up there," Phyllis cried in an angry little voice; "besides, I don't want to go."

"Why, there are your dollies, and that nice new one that Aunty Bee brought you only last night. Come along, dearie, and be a good little girl," said nurse, as she took her by the hand and led her upstairs.

"But I don't want to be good. I want to see mamma," the little girl cried, as she tumbled upstairs to the nursery.

"Well, now, if you are very good and don't make any noise, perhaps—I only say perhaps, mind!—you will be able to see mamma this evening."

By this time they had reached the nursery, and quietly opening the door they entered the large shady room. Nurse went to the cupboard and took down from the shelf a beautiful new doll, and placed it in Phyllis' arms.

"Now mind and be very good," nurse said, as she stooped and kissed the little girl, "and then you will have a great surprise."

Then she left the room.

Phyllis was still very restless, and did not pay much attention to her new doll; in fact, she carried it so carelessly that in a very short time it fell out of her arms on to the hearthrug.

The little girl was down beside it in a minute, and picking it up tenderly, cuddled it to her, and rocked herself to and fro. Presently an idea came into her little head; she would give her dolls a lesson, and teach them to read.

She jumped up, fetched a nice soft cushion off the sofa, and placed the new doll upon it. Then she went to the cupboard and, standing upon a chair, pulled out three other dolls.

Two were in fairly good condition, but the third, an old Dutch doll, having only one arm and one leg, Phyllis did not think good enough for her class; so she put that one on the floor and took the other two and placed them beside the new doll upon the cushion.

Next she found a book, which she opened and placed upon the new doll's lap.

Then the lesson began.

Phyllis knelt down upon the rug beside them, and, putting up her finger, asked them to spell "boy."

"Oh, I see," she said, addressing the dolls, "none of you know. I will tell you. B-o-y spells boy. Oh, I am not at all 'comfy' like this; I will lie down on the rug in front of you. That's better. Now you spell 'girl.'"

There was a long silence, and then Phyllis said in a sleepy voice—

"G-r-l spells 'girl.'"

"No; g-i-r-l spells 'girl,'" squeaked a little voice.

Phyllis kept very quiet. Had her wish at last came true, and were her dollies actually going to talk?

"I am afraid she is a dunce," said another small voice.

"Fancy, she is going to give us a lesson," cried the third.

"Can you tell me what kind of a place this is?" asked the new doll of the little one that was sitting next to her, and whom Phyllis called Jenny.

"Oh, it is a very nice place, but I'm afraid if it were not for the nurse, we should very often be lost; shouldn't we Sue?"

"Yes, I am sure we should," replied the third doll. "Only think of that terrible night we spent in the chicken run, when Phyllis took us both down there to see the new rooster, and then put us both inside to make friends with him, as she said, and then ran off and forgot all about us. Ugh! it makes me shudder to think of it."

"How that big rooster did frighten me too! Especially when he tried to peck out my eyes."

"I shall begin to feel sorry that I came," said the new doll. "I thought I should have such a lovely little mistress."

"And so she is loving, sometimes," replied Jenny; "but then she is so forgetful. Now only the other day she thought we both were dirty; so nothing would please her until she had worried nurse into letting her have a regular wash day.

"Well, she undressed us both upon the lawn, and washed our clothes and hung them upon the tree to dry. Then she had nothing else to wash, so she washed the Dutch doll. She scrubbed and scrubbed him until she got nearly all the paint off, and has disfigured him for life.

"Next she tied him up by his leg to the tree to let him dry. I thought she had finished then, but she had not, for she first took Sue and then me, and put us both in the tub and washed us. Our sawdust got so wet that we have both had pains ever since."

"That was not the worst of it either," chimed in Sue, "for she took us both indoors and left us in front of the kitchen fire, where nurse found us with big waxen tears running down our cheeks."

"But what became of the Dutch doll?" asked the new-comer.

"Oh, he was left tied up to the tree until the wind blew, and then down he came, and in falling he broke one of his arms and one of his legs."

"What became of him after that?" asked Jenny of the other doll.

"Why, don't you remember that the little dog from next door crawled under the fence," went on Sue, "and seeing the poor Dutch doll lying on the ground, started biting it, when nurse came out and rescued him?"

"Then what the butterfly told me this afternoon was correct," said the new doll. "He informed me that our little mistress was a thoughtless, selfish, little girl, and ——"

"No, no, I am not really selfish, I am really not," cried Phyllis, as she sat upright upon the rug and rubbed her eyes; "I did not mean——"

"Mean what, dear?" asked Phyllis' mother, as she stooped down and kissed her little daughter's flushed cheek.

"I am not selfish, mamma, am I?" Phyllis cried, as the tears began to peep below her eyelashes.

"No, dear you are not wilfully selfish, but I think you are very often thoughtless."

"They said 'thoughtless' too, but I didn't mean to be."

"Who are 'they,' dearie?"

"Why, the dolls, mamma. They have been talking to me all the afternoon, and they told me how naughty I have been; but I will try to be good—I will, really, mamma."

"I know you will, dearie, but we are forgetting somebody. Do you know whom I have brought to live with you?"

"Not Cousin Alice?"

"Yes, Cousin Alice, dearie, and she will help you to be more thoughtful. But you have been dreaming, for dolls never talk."

"But mine do, mamma," said Phyllis, as she took her mother's hand and went downstairs to welcome her cousin.

I think it must be that Phyllis has grown out of her little thoughtless ways, for from that day the dolls have never been known to talk.

THE HYENA QUESTION.

The hyena came sauntering in to call on Mr. Bear.

He had put on his best clothes and his new hat, because he rather hoped Miss Gorilla might happen to be there; but she wasn't, so he just sat down on the edge of the table and smiled at the bear, who was eyeing him in a very unfriendly way.

"How do?" he inquired in a condescending voice, taking his cigarette out of his mouth for the purpose with an affected air.

Now the bear hated affectation and dandyism, and, of course, he wasn't going to be condescended to by a mere hyena—not likely. So he scowled at him and pretended he didn't understand.

"How do what?" he demanded shortly.

"Oh, nothing," smiled the hyena pleasantly; only 'How do you do?'"

"How do I do what?" growled the bear.

This way of receiving a polite inquiry after a friend's health was so very unexpected that the hyena was quite at a loss for a few minutes; but as the bear kept up a perpetual growl, he tried to pacify him by explaining matters.

"I only said 'How do you do?'" he began meekly.

"I heard what you said," interrupted Mr. Bear rudely; "but what I want to know is what you want to know."

"Good gracious!" gasped the hyena, "what a dreadfully complicated remark! And however am I to make him understand; he's so touchy." Indeed, the bear seemed nearly frantic with rage, and was dancing round the hyena and howling, "How do I do what? Why can't you say what you want to know? How do I do what?" in such a manner, that the poor hyena fairly shook in his patent leather shoes with terror.

At last he managed to speak in a trembling voice.

"I don't want to know anything," he said apologetically.

This only made matters worse than ever.

"Then whatever do you mean by coming here and asking me such silly questions?"

"It wasn't a silly question," retorted the hyena rather huffily. "I only asked you how you did."

"How I did what?"

"No, no," hastily added the hyena. "I meant to say 'How do you find yourself?'"

"Never lost myself yet," grunted the bear; "so haven't had a chance to find myself. Besides you never find yourself when you are lost—someone else always finds you. That's what other people are for."

"Indeed," said the hyena politely, only too glad to make himself agreeable. "I am pleased to know that, for I have often wondered what was the use of them."

The bear muttered something about "some people not being any use even for that," a nasty remark which the hyena pretended not to hear.

He tried once or twice to creep past him, but the bear growled so terribly when he did so that he was afraid to go on, and it was quite dark before Mr. Bear chose to move.

As soon as he did so the hyena got up.

"Well, I must be going," he said; and, forgetting for a moment how he had previously offended the bear, he foolishly added, "I only just looked in to say 'How do you do?'"

"So you've begun again, have you?" roared the bear, rushing at him; and the hyena was so terrified that he ran away home as fast as his legs would carry him, and left his new hat behind him.

The bear threw that out of the window and sat down and laughed.

"Master Hyena stayed a good while," he chuckled after a pause, "and I don't think he will come here with any more of his silly questions."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The first thimbles were made in Holland.

The house fly makes 310 strokes a second with its wings.

The peace footing of the French army is to be increased to 550,000 men.

Edison predicts that in ten years horseless carriages will be the rule.

On an average 200 carrier pigeons are officially kept in every German fortress.

The native home of wheat is supposed to be the mountain regions of Armenia.

About 40 tons of letters pass daily through the London General Post Office.

France has more money in circulation in proportion to its population than any other country.

A well-known medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless.

Cartridges tested by the Roentgen rays to determine if they have been carefully loaded, are offered for sale by a London gunsmith.

The dialect spoken by the Indians of Guatemala is thought to be the most ancient language in the world, older even than Sanscrit or Hebrew.

The Chinese pen from time immemorial has been a brush made of some soft hair and used to paint the curiously formed letters of the Chinese alphabet.

The owl's eyes have no muscles by which they can be moved. This deficiency is atoned for by extraordinary flexibility in the muscles of the neck, by which the owl can move his head in any direction.

After having escaped work and arrest for twenty years a vagrant known as Dad Stephenson, of Springfield, Mo., who was taken into custody, said that until his night in jail he had not in all that time once slept in a bed.

The gambling game "craps," which so deeply engrosses the "trifflin'" kind of colored men in the South, was invented by the aristocratic Marquis Bernard de Marigny, of New Orleans, who entertained Louis Philippe when the latter visited Louisiana.

Wild dogs, as dangerous as wolves, have lately been abundant in those parts of Japan that were devastated by the tidal wave of June 15. They killed several country postmen, until these officials were supplied with trumpets, of which these animals are afraid.

Vigorous measures have just ended a decidedly novel strike. The boy students in the State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in Flint, Mich., objected to being dismissed an hour later than the girls and struck for shorter hours. Several of the leaders were promptly expelled, and the "strike" has been declared off.

A circular saw fifty-four inches in diameter at Burke's mill, at Jacksonville, flew into pieces while at full speed and cut things up in a way that shocked the hands. Some of the fragments slit their way through the roof, one piece cut a timber in two, and another bit buried against a block of steel was welded by the impact.

Funny stories of proffered curiosities are told by the officials of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. Quite lately they received a letter from a person in America saying that the writer was ready to take $500 for the unbroken ash of a cigar with a tiny unconsumed stump still adhering. No increase in gold exports resulted.

Shad of different families, often come from the ocean to the rivers along the Atlantic coast to spawn. The shad of Florida are not the same as those of the Hudson or the Connecticut or the Susquehanna. The same fish come each year to the particular river where they were born, and in their appearance are slightly different. Each river is the home of a separate colony.

Sunnyside, formerly the home of Washington Irving, has been closed to the public. The present owner of Sunnyside declares that the worshippers of Irving have tramped over his grounds, chipped corners from his house, worn out his carpets, carried off his bric-a-brac, and so disturbed his household that his patience is exhausted, and he has decided to fence them out.

Milwaukee has had a huge bell cast for the tower of the new City Hall. The local newspapers take it for granted that the following lines, inscribed upon the bell, are addressed to the politicians who will infest the building.

"When I sound the time of day
From this grand and lofty steeple,
Deem it a reminder, pray,
To be honest with the people."

In the Colorado desert they have rainstorms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground. It is a singular sight to witness the heavy downpour of rain not a drop of which touches the ground. These strange rainstorms occur in regions where the shade temperature often ranges as high as 120 Fahrenheit.

OUR VIGIL.

BY W. W. LONG.

In Memory's awful Hades gray,
There stands a pallid ghost alway,
And you and I watch night and day.

O mock of mockeries! Shall ever be
Across life's dark and barren sea,
Love's resurrection morn for you and me?

WHEN DRAGONS LIVED.

The scientists of the United States Geological Survey, have just returned to Washington from a visit to the region of marvels. They have been collecting fossils in Converse county, Wyoming, where they found deposits of the bones of veritable dragons that lived about 5,000,000 years ago.

These occur in the famous "Laramie beds," which are full of the skeletons of the monstrous extinct reptiles known to science as "Dinosaurs"—meaning literally "terrible reptiles." In their time they constituted an extensive zoological order, the members of which exhibited the utmost conceivable variation as to structure and habits. Some of them had as great a bulk as half a dozen elephants, weighing thirty tons or more, while others were less in size than modern foxes. Most of them seem to have been semi-aquatic, spending much of their lives in the water.

It is owing to their amphibious habits, apparently, that such quantities of their remains have been preserved for the instruction and astonishment of mankind of to-day. At the period when they lived a large part of the interior of the North American continent was covered by a great system of lakes, which extended northward from Mexico into Canada. These lakes formed an immense inland sea of fresh water, so that the geographical aspect of what is now the United States was as different as possible from what it is now.

The continent was young then, and the Rocky Mountains were but a string of islands. The climate was much like that of the middle Eastern States at present, and the shores of the lakes were clad with a luxuriant vegetation. Forests of oaks, elms, maples, magnolias and even fig trees dominated the landscape, where now are only deserts, arid and desolate.

The strange reptiles here described were more or less apt to die in the water of rivers. When that occurred their bodies were carried by the streams to the lakes. They floated about for a while, and eventually sank to the bottom, where they were covered by sand and other detritus. Thus, if circumstances happened to be favorable, their skeletons were preserved. In the course of time the lakes dried up; the land was uplifted by geological change, and the sands which enclosed the remains of the animals hardened into stone. In this way it comes that the skeletons may now be dug out of the hills in that desert region.

Along the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains may be traced for hundreds of miles certain well defined strata which contain these ancient reptilian bones. It is supposed that in that part of the country during the epoch described there was an estuary in which the animals disported themselves in immense numbers. Some of them got caught in the mud, and so perished, and that accounts for the finding of their skeletons in such surprising numbers in that situation.

Many of the creatures whose remains are thus dug out correspond very nearly to the monsters made familiar to the imagination of childhood by the fairy tales of the nursery. But real dragons and "Chimaeras dire" swarmed everywhere in those days.

Take the Laelaps, for example. This was an animal forty feet long, built like a kangaroo. It walked erect on its hind legs, and was incredibly agile, leaping seventy feet at a bound. Its jaws were armed with teeth like bayonets, and its remarkably small fore limbs terminated in hands which were provided with cruel laws.

The vertebrae and leg bones of this fearful beast were hollow, for the sake of lightness, and probably the first thing that it did to a victim was to scratch its eyes out. Weighing a couple of tons, with the activity of an antelope, and provided by nature with weapons far more effective than those of any modern mammal, the Laelaps was probably the most formidable beast that ever existed.

In imagination, one can picture this frightful creature, stalking kangaroo fashion along the bank of a river, its head uplifted twenty-five feet above the ground, so that it was able to overlook a considerable stretch of country.

Perchance it sees, sluggishly wading in the stream and feeding on the water plants, a reptile far larger than itself, with a long and crane-like neck, a very small head and a body of enormous bulk, weighing twenty tons or more. This is a Brontosaur—a stupid and almost defenseless animal, amphibious in habit, measuring sixty feet from the snout to the end of tail. Hardly has it time to realize the presence of its enemy before the Laelaps, with a bound, has alighted upon its back.

The tragedy is quickly accomplished, and the merciless carnivore is soon gorging itself with the flesh of its gigantic victim.

Great in size as are the carnivorous reptiles of this strange epoch, like the Laelaps and the Ceratosaur, it is noticed that the herbivores are much larger. The latter may be said to correspond to the horned cattle and other vegetable feeding animals of a subsequent epoch, which are destined in their day to serve as food for flesh eating mammals smaller than themselves.

The carnivores of the mesozoic are mostly leapers, walking erect and having hollow bones for lightness; the herbivores, on the other hand, are clumsy and less intelligent, but commonly provided with defensive bony armor.

The latter usually go on "all fours," but some of them are built on the kangaroo pattern. Go down to the shore of the Laramie Sea, and cast a glance over that mighty sheet of water. At some distance from the land is wading a beast of vast bulk, upright on its long hind legs.

It stands thirty feet high and has enormous jaws, which somewhat resembles a pair of exaggerated salad spoons. With these it is gathering the aquatic weeds on which it lives. Its mouth is furnished with 2,000 grinding teeth arranged in magazines.

Grains of Gold.

Misfortunes and imprudence are often twins.

Health is wealth, although the latter often destroys the former.

He who seems not himself more than he is is more than he seems.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil, the produce of every clime.

The man who thinks his sin will never find him out, has deceived himself.

Do what you can do well, and you will soon be able to do much better.

If we do not make a good use of what we have, it is a proof that we have been given too much.

It is better to believe that there is some good in everybody, than that there is no good in anybody.

What it is our duty to do we must do because it is right, not because any one can demand it of us.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression. The jest which is expected is already destroyed.

The troubles of age were intended to wean us gradually from our fondness for life, the nearer we approach the end.

The doubts of an honest man contain more moral truth than the profession of faith of people under a worldly yoke.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them off shorter.

Femininities.

Daniel Campbell and his wife, of Walton county, Fla., are said to be respectively 117 and 112 years old.

As soon as a girl has been to Europe she stops talking about Indian summer, and calls it "Italian weather."

She: If I had my life over again—— He: I thought that's what you were doing; you said you were twenty-three.

Visitor: How much the baby resembles its mother! Father: Yes; it talked when it was only six months old.

Miss Vivian Sartoris, granddaughter of Gen. Grant, is one of this year's more notable debutantes in Washington society.

If a man were struck by lightning in his own house on a clear day his wife would say it was just because he didn't take care of himself.

Timid youth: Sha-shall we go and sit under the w-w-willow, Miss Bessie? Demure maiden: Why not sit under the pop-pop-poplar, George?

"Rose, is your theatre bonnet any smaller since all this fuss has been made about big hats?" "Yes; the strings are much narrower."

Shopman: Does the shoe hurt you? Miss de Smith, aged twenty six: I think not. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, it's my foot that hurts me.

"Hello, Bluffy, you didn't get around last night to hear your wife's excellent lecture on the faith cure?" "No, I was laid up at home with the sick headache."

When a Dutch maid-servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A beau with an umbrella receives double pay.

Nearly 60,000 women voted for the first time at the recent general elections in South Australia. The exact figures are 59,098, which compare favorably with 77,400 men.

Mrs. Muggins, reading: Every man gets the wife that Heaven intended for him. Mr. Muggins, musingly: It must be true, then, that men are punished in this world for their sins.

At the funeral of an unmarried woman in Brazil scarlet is the mourning hue. The coffin, the hearse, the trappings of the horses, and the livery of the driver must be scarlet.

Blenheim, the ancestral home of the Marlboroughs, has been enriched by a small menagerie since the Duke brought home his bride from America. The Duchess has a passion for ostriches, eagles, vultures, and even snakes. She purchased a garter-snake on the banks of the Nile, and it soon became her favorite. A Nubian boy attends her when she makes the round of the cages, often handling snakes which are known to be dangerous.

Mrs. A.: My dear, one servant is not enough in the kitchen now. We must have two.

Mr. A.: Why, we have three daughters, and only yesterday I paid a big bill for their tuition in a cookery-school!

Mrs. A.: Yes—that's what's the matter. They are all assisting at the cooking, and Bridget says she must have additional help to clean up.

Not long ago an old man was called into the witness-box at an Irish court, and, being old and just a little blind, he went too far, in more than one sense, and, instead of going up the stairs that led to the box, mounted those that led to the bench. Said the judge good humoredly, "Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" "Ah, shurn, your honor!" was the reply. "I'm an auld man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for!" The judge had no reply ready.

An amusing story is told of a mother who was the proud possessor of twin girls, who were so much alike that it was almost impossible to distinguish them apart. One night when they had been bathed and put to bed, she heard a sound of laughter coming from their bedroom, and at once went to inquire the cause. "What are you laughing at?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins; "only you have given me two baths to-night and Alice none at all."

The last lines addressed by the Prince of Montenegro to his daughter on her betrothal have attracted much attention. They were: "All is not gold that glitters; be mindful of this, O my daughter, and know that happiness has never chosen for her seat a throne. Under the kingly crown is the crown of thorns, and not even in fable can we find a happy king. Seek happiness in the graceful corner of the home, in work within thy human power and obedient to divine command. Thy father, Nicholas."

A St. Petersburg paper prints the story of two ladies who complained to a railway conductor because a man was smoking in the car reserved for non-smokers. The insolent conductor's only reply was that he, too, lighted a cigar in the car. At the next station the ladies complained to the agent, who censured the conductor. A few hours later, when it was dark, the conductor suddenly stopped the train, told the ladies they had arrived at their station, and helped them out. When the train had left, the ladies discovered that they had been abandoned in a field, with no house in sight.

Masculinities.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is his superior.

He: Nice dog—very! Have you taught it any new tricks since I was here last? She, sweetly: Yes; it will fetch your hat if you whistle.

In an Astoria, Oregon, restaurant "gentlemen are requested," according to a sign on the wall, "to please not swear if ladies are present."

In Henry VIII.'s reign the wearing of sable was a privilege reserved for the higher nobility; and Bluff King Hal refused ermine to the barons.

The curate: You should always be particular about details, Miss Nellie. It is little things that tell. Nellie: I know that. I have three small sisters.

An old lady of Greens Norton, England, celebrated her 100th birthday recently by presenting a stained-glass window as a thanks offering to the parish church.

There are 360,000 women employed in business houses in London, including 60,000 lady clerks, and statistics show that the average life of women workers in the City is thirty six years.

Feminine county clerks are rare, but Miss Georgia Richards, who occupies that position in Arapahoe county, Colo., receives a salary of $3000 a year, the largest paid to any woman official in the West.

"Did you ever notice that almost all these miners reported in the papers are single men?" asked Mr. Watts. "Yes," answered Mrs. Watts, "married miners are too common to be worth mentioning."

Hoax: My wife gave me a curtain lecture last night, and I'm going to buy her some marshmallows to-day. Joax: To appease her, eh? Hoax: No! She can't bear marshmallows, and that'll make her so mad she won't speak to me at all.

The management of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends.

Sir William Herschel's system of identifying persons by their thumb-marks has been introduced experimentally into Bengal. The chief object of the measure appears to be to identify Government pensioners, and to make it impossible for persons to impersonate them.

Wife: Why, Bob, you haven't smoked a single one of these cigars I gave you on your birthday!

Husband: I know it, dear! I'm saving them.

Wife: Saving them! What for?

Husband: For your father next time he calls.

Wife, kissing him: Oh, darling, you're just too good for anything!

Professor Shuetuck says: Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for luncheon. Avoid muffins and crumpets and buttered toast. Eat whole-meal bread. Decline potatoes if they are served more than once a day. Do not drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours a night.

The poster has invaded unexpected fields. Bill-boards are to be utilized for the dissemination of Scriptural teachings at Muskegon, Mich., a society for the prosecution of the work and also for the distribution of hand cards bearing Biblical texts and illustrations having been organized there by a commercial traveler of Chicago.

Little girl: Did the newspaper reporters notice that your papa was at the banquet last night?

Little boy: Yes.

Little girl: Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name in the list.

Little boy: No; but the list ends with 'and others.' That means papa. They alway mention him that way.

An ingenious Yankee cobbler is plying his trade at Atlantic, Me., in a queer craft. He has built a scow with a house on it which he uses as a workshop. During the summer he sails from one place to another doing shoemaking; in the winter he puts the whole arrangement on runners and has it hauled to convenient places.

A Paris Bohemian, in very low water, on returning home one evening, surprised a burglar in the act of examining his cupboard, which he had broken open. The thief was struck dumb at the unexpected apparition of the occupier of the premises; but the latter pacified him with a gesture, and said, "You may go on, my man. Take your time, and good luck to you! If you find anything, we'll go halves."

The latest thing in Spanish bull fights is to put the matador on a bicycle instead of a horse. Carlos Rodrigues, a well-known cyclist, and Badila, the picador of the Quadrille de Mazzantini, both entered the arena lately in Madrid mounted on cycles. Rodrigues soon ran away from the bull, but Badila, the picador, stood his ground, and, not being able to turn quick enough, was overtaken, and both machine and rider tossed high in the air by the infuriated animal. By a miracle the rider was not hurt, but the machine was wrecked beyond repair.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A pretty suit for a little boy 3 years of age is made of dark blue serge, with the skirt kilted all the way round. The white serge blouse is made with a box plait of the material down the centre of the front, and a roll collar to match. Over this blouse is worn a blue serge jacket, cut away in the front and finished with a sailor collar and revers, and ornamented with buttons.

The jacket is cut so as not to quite reach the waist. The coat sleeves, of blue, are buttoned at the wrists. This suit is greatly improved by a simple design in black soutache braid, and the blouse made of white nainsook, with the collar and plait trimmed with ruffles of white embroidery.

A soft checked woolen, in brown and white, is the material selected for creating a stylish frock. The plain skirt is made with a narrow front width and a wide back width, which is mounted on the waistband in plaits.

The bodice has a tight-fitting lining, over which the material is gathered both front and back. In the centre of the front there is a narrow V-shaped vest of the material. A brown velvet sailor collar, forming revers in the front, borders the upper part of the vest, while the lower part is framed by a frill of soft tan silk, bordered with a row of narrow brown velvet ribbon.

This frill is a continuation of the lower one, of two accordion-plaited ruffles, which are arranged at the shoulders to fall over the top of the sleeves. The belt of brown velvet ribbon has a bow of the same at either side of the front at the point of the revers.

The plain collar band is of the woolen. The sleeve has has a puff extending to the elbow, and then fits the arm closely to the hand, where it is enriched with a bow of ribbon.

A tan serge frock is very pretty, with the full skirt trimmed at the hem with a narrow band of dark brown cloth. The back of the bodice is made tight-fitting, and it is almost hidden under a souave of the brown cloth, which is edged with a band of black velvet ribbon, the front of the souave being cut to form two points, one of which buttons over the other on the chest, while at the neck and waist is revealed a blouse front of the tan serge. The collar-band and waist band are of black velvet ribbon.

The sleeve follows the lines of the arm throughout, and is adorned at the top with a deep epaulette of brown cloth, outlined with black velvet, while the hand is garnished with a single row of the velvet.

It is still rather early to say absolutely that a certain thing will be worn and another certain thing will not be worn. Even after general forms have been apparently fully decided upon and modes definitely adopted there is still more than a possibility of change. The best that can be done at present is to denote the probabilities of fashion.

The element of uncertainty being recognized, it may be said that contrasting accessories are likely to continue in favor, and that belts, corselets, collars, vests and revers of light colors or white promise to be features of winter fashions.

By the way, speaking of belts, a word ought to be said about the narrow ones which have been and still are in vogue. Everybody knows the difficulty of keeping skirt, bodice and separate belt in the proper relation to each other, and the narrower the belt the harder it is to keep it in the right place—that is, covering the junction of the skirt and bodice. It is not too much to say that not one narrow belt out of fifty worn occupies the proper position.

Usually the skirt band sags far below it at the back, and almost as often the same skirt band is much wider than the belt, and projects above it at the front and sides. Now, if the narrow belt gets the upper hand of a woman hopelessly, she would better abandon it altogether and wear a wide one or a pointed waist, and look neat and trim.

However, up to date all the details of a woman's toilet may be, she will not look fashionable if her clothes are not put on carefully and with no suspicion of untidiness. A soiled collar, a grease spot, a sagging skirt, a loose or missing button, a bodice pulled awry—any one of these is enough to destroy the elegance of a costume, however costly it may be.

A house jacket of an entirely new design, is of ivory woolen goods, and has a close fitting coat back, while the front is composed of a sort of large ruffle over a wider ruffle of lace. The chemisette of lace falls in straight folds. The sleeves are wrinkled transversely throughout their length, and have a frill of lace at the wrists.

Stripes and checks in woolen goods will be much worn and will compose very effective costumes, rendered elegant by the addition of velvet as a trimming. Some sort of ornamentation is always necessary for these materials if they are to have a "smart" appearance, and velvet is considered especially appropriate as well as at present extremely fashionable.

A great deal of cloth is to be worn this winter—in fact, it promises to be a cloth season. Although smooth finished goods are considered rather susceptible to injury if the cloth is sponged before being made up its powers of endurance are much increased, as it is less apt to show spots and defacements. The sponging may be done at home, although it saves time and trouble to order it done at the establishment where the goods are purchased.

For general purposes, such as ordinary calls and afternoon street wear, a nice cloth costume is very useful and appropriate. This winter the short, straight sack, which is becoming fashionable, will be much worn with cloth gowns and will frequently be made of the same material to match.

Wide belts, corselets and swiss girdles are to remain in vogue all winter. These are especially suitable for slight figures if the latter are well formed, but should be sedulously avoided by a woman with a clumsy figure or a large waist.

While it is true that there are many new designs for jackets for winter wear and that the straight sack is making a tremendous bid for popularity, capes will still be much worn. When fashionably made and trimmed, they have a more elegant appearance than coats and are certainly more convenient to wear, if less warm.

In a costume of pearl gray armure the skirt has a rich trimming of black velvet application heavily embroidered, and a band of chinchilla fur passes about the foot. The bodice, which has a short basque, is entirely covered with black velvet applications and is bordered by a band of chinchilla. The full vest is of white mousseline de soie. The tight sleeves of armure have an immense bow of black satin. The jet toque is trimmed with pink roses and a black bow.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Chow Chow.—One-half peck of green tomatoes, one large cabbage, and seven onions. Chop these ingredients, mix well with a teacupful of salt; let it stand overnight, and drain in the morning; then mix with the drained vegetables one ounce of celery seed, a quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, a quarter of a teacupful of ground pepper, a quarter of a teacupful of cinnamon, and one gill of grated horseradish. Boil three quarts of vinegar and two pounds of brown sugar, and when boiling hot pour over the mixture.

Milk Biscuits.—Quarter of a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, half a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. First mix the milk and butter, slightly warming them both. Mix the flour and baking-powder, to this add the milk and the butter. Roll out, shape, and bake twenty minutes.

Cheesecake.—Stir together over the fire two ounces of florador, half a pint of milk, and a pinch of salt. When it boils add half an ounce of fresh butter, two ounces of currants (well washed and dried), and the grated rind of a small lemon. Line some patty pans with this short paste, fill them with the above, and bake about a quarter of an hour.

Almond Cakes.—One pound of powdered sugar, one pound of almonds (grated, but not blanched), six whites of eggs, quarter-ounce of powdered cinnamon, and a little finely shred lemon peel. Beat the white of the eggs to a snow, then whip it all with the lemon peel and sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the cinnamon, and set a little of the mixture aside. Stir the almonds well to the rest, and roll it out thinly on a board well dusted with flour, cut it out with a wine-glass, brush it over with the portion first set aside, and bake slowly.

Celery Soup.—Put four or five heads of celery with a small onion in a stew pan of boiling water; when tender, drain and pass it through a sieve. Now dilute it with some of the water in which it was boiled, season to taste. Beat up a couple of eggs with a gill of cream, stir the soup over the fire till hot, but not boiling. Chicory can be treated in the same manner.

Florador Gingerbread.—Rub one ounce of butter well into three ounces of flour and one and a half ounces of coarse florador, mixed with one ounce of sugar and a pinch of salt, then mix into it a tablespoonful of golden syrup, half a tablespoonful of ground ginger, and just enough cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll this out, cut it out with a plain round cutter, and bake about eight minutes.

A Clear Vegetable Stock.—Lay in a stew pan a couple of scraped carrots, two turnips, a leek, a small onion, a leaf or two of celery, all cut up, with two ounces of butter, and fry them a light brown (do not allow them to acquire a dark color, or the consomme will not look nice); add a quart of water, and simmer gently for a couple of hours, taking care that the vegetables do not boil to a pulp, or the stock will never clear; then strain, season to taste, and clarify it with the whites and shells of a couple of eggs in the usual manner.

Potato Rissoles.—Mix, with the potato, salt, pepper, and butter to taste, and a well-beaten egg—one large egg is enough for a pint basinful of mashed vegetable. Make up the mixture into small rolls, cover with a thick layer of egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling dripping to a golden brown. Drain well on kitchen paper before serving. Another way.—Mix the paste as above, with the addition of an egg, pepper, and savory herbs; roll out to the eighth of an inch in thickness, cut into three-cornered pieces, place minced meat well seasoned on one, lay another on top, and slightly pinch the edges to keep them together; strew bits of vermicelli over, fry each side a nice brown, drain, and serve.

Icing for Cake.—Quarter pound ground almonds, six ounces of icing sugar, white of egg. Put icing sugar and almonds in a bowl, and mix them. Drop in the white of an egg and mix. It should be quite stiff, and not the least soft. Spread this with a wet knife on top of the cake; it will soon get hard.

Stewed Apples.—Pare and core two pounds of sweet apples, put them into a stewpan with three wine glassfuls of port, one and a half pound of sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons, and cinnamon to taste. Simmer gently, removing the scum; turn the fruit with a fork from time to time without breaking them. The apples should be lifted out first, and the liquor boiled for five minutes afterwards and then poured over them.

Puffs.—One pint of milk, two eggs, three teacupfuls of flour and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven. Serve with sweet sauce, in which put a tablespoonful of currant jelly or wine.

Frozen Milk Punch.—Freeze together one quart of milk and one half pound of sugar. After the above is frozen, mix with it one half-pint of rum, one half-pint of brandy, one and a-half pints of whipped cream and half a nutmeg.

Farina Gems.—Beat two eggs; add to them one cup of cold, boiled farina, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cup of milk and one cup of flour. Beat again. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt. Turn into greased pans and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Macaroon Cheese Cakes.—Two ounces of almonds, three ounces of fine sugar, two whites of eggs, one tablespoonful of rice flour, half-teaspoonful of baking powder; puff paste, with some trimmings of puff paste, rolled out one eighth of an inch thick; line eight small patty pans. Then blanch two ounces sweet almonds and dry them; pound them in a morter, or grind them down quite finely, and mix them with the sugar and two whites of the eggs, beating all together for ten minutes; add the rice flour and the baking powder; put a little of the mixture in each of the lined pans; touch the top of each with a brush dipped in cold water, and bake in a moderate oven for about ten minutes.

Lemon Pudding.—A quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of grated bread, one lemon, a quarter of a pound of sultanas, one egg, a quarter of a pound of suet, one teacupful of milk, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Chop the suet, clean the raisins, grate the rind of the lemon, and squeeze the juice out; mix all the dry things together, add the lemon juice, and then the egg and milk beaten up together; mix well, put into a greased shape, cover, and steam for one and a half hours; serve hot, with sweet sauce.

Marmalade.—Four pounds of bitter oranges, five pounds of sugar, two lemons. Pare the yellow part of all the oranges and the lemons very thinly, and cut it up in very slender chips; put these chips on with two breakfastcupfuls of water to boil for half an hour. Then take all the skin from the oranges and lemons, and cut the pulp into slices; put it all on in a jelly pan, with five breakfastcupfuls of water; boil gently for half an hour, pour it all in a pointed jelly bag and let it drain thoroughly. Now put all the liquid, the chips, the liquid the chips were boiled in, and all the sugar on in a clean jelly pan, stir frequently, and boil for a quarter of an hour; skim and put in pots.

Chutney.—Two pounds of apples, one pound of sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, a quarter of a pound of tamarinds, a quarter of a pound of mustard seed, one ounce of chillies, one ounce of garlic, two ounces of shalots, two ounces of salt, three quarters of a pound of raisins, one and a half pints of vinegar. Peel and chop the apples, and boil them to a pulp in the vinegar, and turn out in a basin; cut the chillies up very finely, also the garlic and shalots, stone and chop the raisins; when the apples are cold, add all the other things and put it in bottles. Put them in a warm place for a few days. This chutney is very good, but must be kept at least a month before using.

To Utilize Scraps of Carpet.—A good and pretty way of using up bits of carpeting is to cut them about four inches long and ravel out. Have some pattern—Turkish the best, but any geometrical pattern would do—trace the outline, or work the outline; take the ravellings, double them up, and with a crochet hook draw them through rather coarse canvas. First crochet them in, leaving the crepe ends out; fill in each space with the same colored carpet, and the result will be exceedingly satisfactory for door mats, dressing-table mats, or anything that a pretty foreign-looking article could rest upon. The mats should be lined and bound with the proper materials supplied in the shops.

Housewives, Note!—An early visit to a certain poultry market in the neighborhood of Whitechapel will discover many of the stall-keepers at work in carrying out an ingenious if not over-scrupulous dodge.

Most of the poultry on sale at that place is intended for Jewish purchasers, and the killing has therefore been done according to the Jewish methods, that is, by the cutting of the throat.

It must also be stated that the fowls are not sold according to their measured weight, but rather accordingly as they impress both buyer and seller as to their size and quality, though there is no fixed price.

Advantage is taken of these facts; and to make the fowls assume a more marketable proportion is considered to be a very desirable object by their vendors. The mode of procedure is to stretch out the windpipe at the point where the neck is cut. They then blow into this tube very strongly, and the lungs are thereby inflated much beyond what they ever were in life. A piece of string is then tied tightly round the distended windpipe to prevent the escape of the air, and it is then allowed to contract into its place. The result, of course, is that the fowl looks much bigger, and can command a better price.

A trick of a similar kind is adopted by some of the fishmongers in the East End, and many a fine round thick gurnet or haddock will entirely subside, like a pricked air ball at the first thrust of the knife, and for a very similar reason.

In this case, however, a very vigorous prod would drive out some of the air, and now and then a woman, acquainted with the trick, will attempt to administer such when the fishmonger is not looking.

But only a brave woman would venture to do this, for, if detected, she would be assailed with a volley of language, the strength of which may be imagined when it is stated that it is learnt and perfected in Billingsgate.

Life is sown broadcast, only to be followed almost immediately by a destruction nearly as sweeping. Nature creates by the million, apparently that she may destroy by the myriad. She gives life for one instant, only that she may snatch it away the next. The main difference is that, the higher we ascend, the less lavish the creation, and the less sweeping the destruction. Thus, while probably but one fish in a thousand reaches maturity, of every thousand children born six hundred and four attain adult age. That is, Nature flings aside nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand fishes as useless for her purposes, and two out of every five human beings.

Recent Book Issues.

"The New and True Religion" is quite an elaborate volume, by Charles M. Stebbins. The golden rule of this modern faith, given as a preface is: Enjoy life all you can, without abridging the right of another to his enjoyment. This theme is exhaustively treated both by reasoning, illustration and auto-biography. The method employed is somewhat diffuse and rambling, and while it is evident the author is in earnest and heartily believes all he says, it is questionable whether the book will induce many to change their ways of thinking. Published by the Publishers' Printing Company, Boston.

"Revenge" is the title given to a collection of short stories by the famous author, Robert Barr. They are based for the most part on dramatic tales of crime, and show all the original inventive strength, vivid imagination and wonderful word painting of this gifted writer. A number of fine engravings are scattered through its pages. Beautifully printed and bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, and for sale by John Wanamaker.

"Sweetheart Travellers" by S. R. Crockett the author of "The Sticket Minister" and other favorites is a child's book for children, for women and for men that well deserves the popularity it has now, second only to that of Trilby, in England. Nothing could make a more delightful bit or reading. In "Sweetheart Travellers" the characters are those of a father and his little daughter of four years. They take long rides together on a wheel, and an occasional jaunt on foot through the woods. Much credit is due to the author's skill in writing, to his fund of humor and genial good nature; and these combined with Sweetheart make a book that it is difficult to over-praise. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The "Quiver" for November presents an excellent and varied table of contents. Among the best articles are: "Sunday in a Workhouse," "The Consecration of Play," "The Minister's Blunder," "Irish Snow and Irish Sunshine," "A Negro Deliverer," "Women of the Bible," "Oddities in My Parish," and "The Romance of Huguenot Music." The frontispiece is entitled "Nearly Home." The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" has among its contents for November: "The Moral Standard," "Public Aquariums in Europe," "Notes on Bhils, Burmese, and Battaks," "The Abundance of Animal Life," "Shells," "Double Personality," "A Dog's Laugh," "Popular Superstitions," "Evolution of Insect Instinct," and other valuable papers. Published at New York.

The November number of "St. Nicholas" begins a new volume of this magazine. The leading feature is a serial, "Master Skylark," by John Bennett, a story of Shakespeare's time. Another serial is also begun in the number, "The Last Three Soldiers" dealing with the adventures of three Union soldiers. Stories that are specially addressed to girls are hard to find, but the first chapter of a serial of this nature is printed. This is "June's Garden," by Marion Hill, the well known Shakespearian actor and stage manager. In fact the whole number from cover to cover is of the first interest. Published by The Century Company, New York.

The "Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature" for November contains "The Preliminaries of Faith," "American Currency Cranks," "Fortunes of Paris," "A Claim for the Art of Fiction," "The Drift of Modern Medicine," "African Folk Lore," "Gaints-Life in Argentina," The Decline of Fur Sealing," "The Æsthetics of the Dinner Table," and other interesting articles from the leading journals of Europe. Published at New York.

The "Century" for November opens the twenty-seventh year of the magazine with a series of papers by General Horace Porter, entitled "Campaigning With Grant." Two serial stories are begun in this number: "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia. The other serial, by Mr. Marion Crawford, is entitled "A Rose of Yesterday," the opening scene is in Lucerne, and the characters are all Americans. "Election Day in New York" is described in much detail by Ernest Ingersoll, and is accompanied by pictures by Mr. Jay Hambidge. "The Olympic Games of 1896," "The National Hero of France, Joan of Arc," and "The Chinese of New York," are other good articles. The Century Company, New York.

On The Wheel.

BY T. B.

"MAGGIE, I cannot! I feel giddy now."

Poor Aunt Mary was white to the lips and I saw it would never do to press her. Time was short, too.

"No, you cannot. Get out quickly."

"I don't like to spoil your pleasure. I think I will try. It is not for very long."

"No, I won't have it."

"But you have so wished to go. I suppose"—doubtfully—"you wouldn't go alone?"

"Yes, yes, I will. Quick!"

And, none too soon, I succeeded in getting her out. As I did so, a man sprang on to the car.

I was so taken up with speaking cheery words to poor Aunt Mary, who looked distinctly better already for being on terra firma, and in waving goodbys to her, that I did not notice my fellow passenger—the only one—for some time.

We were in the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. I had often wished to make the ascent, and to day had prevailed on Aunt Mary to accompany me. She has always been over-indulgent to my whims, and I, like all spoilt people, have always been ready to avail myself of her indulgence, and to tax it to the full; but I really had no idea that this wheel journey was such a terror to her, I hope I should not have been so persistent.

I was enjoying the delightful ascent to the full, and, absorbed in looking out at the huge city lying far beneath, I had not once glanced toward my fellow traveler.

I was startled to find myself addressed by him.

"Pardon me, but I think we are old acquaintance."

I looked and recognised—though with difficulty—my old friend Cecil Farquhar—the last person in the world I wanted to meet. He and I had been lovers, and were so no more.

Five years ago he had left me to take up an appointment in the far East. I had nearly broken my heart over the parting, and had written piteous letters. His letters got fewer and cooler (I don't believe the best man can remember an absent woman for long); and I, in pride and anger, had suggested that, if he no longer cared for me, it would be better to break our engagement at once.

By return mail came a letter, acquiescing in my suggestion; and for the last three years I had been endeavoring to persuade myself that I didn't care. Not with uniform success.

My only feeling, however, on recognizing him now was unreasoning anger.

"I think, Mr. Farquhar, that it was very questionable taste to thrust yourself upon me in this way."

"Good heavens! Do you suppose I did it on purpose? This infernal machine was just off. No time for choice. However, it is not for long."

"How long?" I asked.

"I believe the circuit is made in about twenty minutes, and I should think nearly half that time has elapsed already. You need not fear that I shall intrude myself any further on your notice."

"It certainly does seem unnecessary to renew our acquaintance."

"As you please."

I bowed, and he retired to the further corner of the car, where he sat steadily looking out of the car.

I glanced toward him. Yes, he had altered, but for the better. He was broader and browner, and that silky beard was a distinct improvement. Really, though, this had no interest for me—he was nothing to me.

I resumed my study of the view. We must be descending now. How slowly we were going! We scarcely seemed to move; I looked at my watch; it must have gone madly wrong, for according to its register we had already been half an hour, and the whole journey only took twenty minutes.

I saw a great many heads thrust out from the various cars, and it seemed as if some anxiety was felt.

We had undoubtedly stopped. I would have given anything to speak to Cecil Farquhar, yet pride forbade me.

Perhaps he would begin. I looked toward him. His head was out of the opposite window. I rattled my parasol, and changed my position somewhat noisily. No notice was taken.

Shall I speak? Fear and curiosity have a hard battle with pride. Two to one ought to win; but pride is very strong.

Surely he must look round soon. Still that impervious back!

Now he is talking to some one. I can't catch the words, but the voices sound anxious. I must know. It is absolutely inhuman not to tell me.

Something must have gone wrong with the machinery—perhaps we are in danger. I must know. Pride is well nigh vanquished. I go over to his side of the carriage.

"Mr. Farquhar."

He doesn't hear and thrusts himself further out of the window to listen to what the man in the car beneath is saying. I strain my ears to listen and catch a word or two: "Can't move machine—great fear—hours."

Pride is laid low.

I pull his coat.

He turns round at last, with a look of extreme surprise.

I don't care.

"Tell me—I must know! What has happened?"

"They cannot move the wheel. Something has gone wrong with the chains. It may be some hours before they succeed in putting it right."

I suppose I looked very scared, for he says, almost kindly:

"I do not think there is any danger—only inconvenience."

"But how awful for us to be imprisoned here!"

A fierce look of anger came into his eyes. I remembered it, years ago.

"I have told you that I shall not annoy you; but to make assurance doubly sure, I will go and leave you to yourself."

"You cannot; we are in the topmost car; risk would be enormous."

"I'll chance it. I am strong, and have a good nerve and a steady hand; and if the worst comes there is no one left to care."

He opens the door and prepares to step out on to the iron framework of the huge wheel.

At the sight of the man whom I had so truly loved in my girlhood subjecting himself to this awful risk, every vestige of the petulant pride that had dominated me a moment before vanished. I only saw my lover of former days—the only man who had ever really stirred my heart—in danger.

I leaned forward, holding out imploring hands to him.

He had already begun to descend. I bent forward, and tried to reach him.

His left arm is stretched upward, grasping the girders above him.

What is that gleam of gold I see at his wrist? Ah! I recognise it. My bangle that he took from me years ago and had soldered on to his own arm. A mist of tears dim my eyes. I lean forward, stretching my arms toward him.

"Stay, Cecil, for my sake."

How did it happen? I could never quite tell. I missed my footing. For a second my brain reeled; and then I find myself firmly clasped in his right arm.

"Madge, Madge!" he says hoarsely, "for God sake nerve yourself! Cling to something! I cannot hold you like this long. Try all you know."

"I will." And I suit the action to the word by grasping the lower part of the door sill with both hands. "Promise me you will not attempt the descent."

"No, I will not, I swear!"

He is still holding me, for my feet are below the steps. We are in hideous peril, but one dare not realize it.

I have cause now to be thankful that an annual mountaineering in Switzerland has strengthened my nerve and muscle.

Somehow I regain the car in safety. Cecil is quickly beside me, and then, oh! crowning ignominy, I fling myself sobbing into his arms.

It does not seem to strike him as strange, for I am folded close to his heart, and soothed and fondled as I used to be in the old days before he left me.

"Madge, dear little girl, you have not forgotten me after all?"

"Never, never, though I tried so hard. And you?"

"I tried to when I heard you were fond of someone else."

"I never was."

"Why did you write as you did?"

"I thought you did not care any more."

"By the same mail I got a letter from my cousin saying you we engaged to that lanky, Irishman, Malone."

"Which cousin?"

"Gertrude Gray."

"Why, Cecil, she must have wanted to part us. Yes, I always thought she cared for you."

He flushes, and says:

"Was there no truth in the report about Malone, Madge?"

"Not a word, indeed; and indeed——"

He bends and kisses my lips.

"Madge—little sweetheart that used to love me—I was going to see Gertrude this evening to ask her to take pity on a lonely man in the far East. Shall I go?"

He has to bend low for the answer. But it is "No," emphatic, though whispered, and he is satisfied.

Every one has heard of the night out in the Great Wheel.

Sixteen hours. A wearisome time to many, but we had the story of five years to tell each other, and plans to make for the future. It was none too long. Godfrey's band below, brought close to the wheel to relieve the tedium of the term of imprisonment, playing wild, sweet, waltz music, formed a fitting accompaniment to the talk in which "Do you remember?" was ever on our lips.

We sent a telegram to Aunt Mary, which she never got, for she did not go home, as I had hoped she would, but she spent the night in the gardens close at the foot of the inert monster.

When at last the word was passed up that all was right and we should soon move, it was to us a subject of regret; and the descent was all too rapid.

"I shall never forgive myself for not coming. Fancy your spending all those hours alone on that most terrible wheel!"

"I was not alone. I met a friend. You have heard of Mr. Farquhar, auntie?"

"I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"We must remedy that, Mrs. Earle," he says, pleasantly, "because it is my good fortune to be your prospective nephew."

She looks at me, fairly puzzled.

"It's all right, Aunt Mary. Up there people understand one another better. Perhaps the rarefied air sharpens the perceptions."

Cecil laughs and we all go off to breakfast at the expense of the Earl's Court Exhibition proprietors.

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That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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Humorous.

PARADOXICAL.

He knocked down a dozen horses,
And without a sign of fear;
He wasn't a strong man either,
But he was an auctioneer.

Fast company—Chained convicts.

Useless for dusty carpets—Sweeping glances.

Doctor's motto—Patients and long suffering.

Dying by inches—The boy who swallowed a tape measure.

Long word used to describe a short condition—Insolvent

People who should try to mend their weighs—The very fat.

Early vegetable depravity—The first apple that destroyed the first pair.

The silent watches of the night—Those that haven't been wound up.

Wife: It's the little things that worry.

Husband: Especially when there are six of them.

"Do you let your wife have her own way?"

"Oh, yes; it's only when she wants to have mine that I object."

Muggins: What is your friend Guzzler's occupation?

Buggin's: He's the skipper of a schooner.

Muggins: I never saw him skip one.

Scrimpitt: Doctor, this bill of yours is preposterous!—ridiculous!

Dr. Chargem, blandly: Well, I don't mind saying that it's absurdly low myself!

Judge, to prisoner: We are now going to read to you a list of your former convictions.

Prisoner: In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.

Mother: I am glad to hear that you went to church to-day. What was the sermon about?

Adult son, a reporter: I don't know, mother; I haven't written out my notes yet.

"Wouldn't it be terrible, Robbie," said little Mabel, as they drank their morning's milk, "if there wasn't no cows."

"Yeth," said Robbie. "We'd have to dwink condenthed milk then, and it's horrid."

"Gimme a piece of apple-pie, quick!" said a traveler at a railway restaurant.

"Chicago or Boston?" asked the waiter.

"What do you mean?" inquired the traveler.

"Knife or fork?" answered the waiter.

"Do you really love another, Jack?"

"How can you talk that way, dearest? I've kissed you thirty times in the last two minutes."

"But if you loved me you wouldn't keep count."

"Stammering is an awful affliction," remarked the young woman.

"Still, it has its advantages," said the society young man. "Fellow doesn't need more than two or three ideas to keep him talking a whole evening."

Little Bessie had gone into the country. "You must keep an awful lot of policemen out here, grandpa!" she said, on the first day after her arrival.

"Why so, Bessie?" asked her grandfather.

"Oh, there's such a lot of grass to keep off of it!"

Maud: Do you really love Tom?

Madge: Oh, no; not in the least.

Maud: Then, why are you going to marry him?

Madge: Oh, he's such a good fellow, I couldn't think of letting anybody else have him!

Mistress: Why didn't you ring the dinner-bell, Bridget?

Bridget: I couldn't feind any, ma'am.

Mistress: Why, it is on the table!

Bridget: Och, an' is it that one it is! An' yers'if tould me last night as that was the breakfas'-bell!

Miss Uptodate: Papa, the Bjones' dinner last night was awfully vulgar.

Papa: How so, my dear?

Miss Uptodate: They had no flowers, no music, no cut-glass, miserable silver, and they actually had things to eat on the table.

"You can't tell whether a man is a bachelor or the father of a family simply by his looks."

"Certainly not; but there is one infallible method of finding out."

"What may that be?"

"Given him a young baby to hold."

Cripple: Please help a poor man, sir? I lost my leg on the field.

Wigwag: Why, you're too young to have been in the war.

Cripple, indignantly: Who's talking about war? I wish you to understand, sir, that I am an ex-football player!

"But I don't like Mr. Jones, mamma. Why, he can't even pronounce the French names on a bill of fare. Now, Algy Dillwyn——"

"Can pronounce more than he can pay for. My dear, I have arrived at the age of reason. Take the man who can pay for more than he can pronounce."

AMONG CHINESE PIRATES.

Everybody knows that the coasts of China are sadly infested with pirates. Of this ugly fact I was forcibly reminded as I stood on the deck of the good ship Sylvia, in which I was to sail from Hong Kong to Amoy.

As we were about to anchor, a boat came alongside, for which several Chinese sailors clambered on the deck and inquired for the captain.

Having found him, they explained that they had been deputed by the captains of eight junks, which were bound for Kap-Che, to ask whether we would consent to be their convoy for protection against the pirates.

Our captain having a well-armed ship, and being an old naval officer, was nothing loth to undertake the task.

The two passengers (myself and another) offering no objection, the bargain was soon concluded, and we set sail.

As the old bark stood out of the harbor, with her eight clumsy-looking little junks around her, she looked very much like a hen with her chickens.

The ten guns that peeped out from her port holes, however, qualified her to act the protecting part of cock, should occasion require.

The wind, which for four days had so retarded our progress, on the fifth increased to something like a gale.

Our poor junks and our puissant selves had enough to do to hold our own. In the teeth of such a gale, progress was out of the question, and a safe anchorage for the night was the chief anxiety.

The only safe anchorage which seemed at all available was that marked in the charts of Mico bay. To reach that was the object for which we and our junks now toiled hard. If we could only get round that headland, we should be safe. But no! tack after tack, still found us on the wrong side of that bluff cape.

At last we were forced to come to anchor in a small and exposed bight outside of that Mico bay which had been our "desired haven."

While we were dropping anchor, the ship's carpenter (a Chinaman) came up to the captain, and, with a look of importance in his face, said: "That no good ship," pointing to a strange junk, which was just then crossing our bows; "she's a pirate."

"Pirate!" exclaimed the captain, taking up his telescope and surveying the junk indicated. "I see no signs of piracy about her."

The carpenter walked off, evidently in a huff at the little importance attached to his warning; and the suspected junk dropped anchor alongside of one of our convoy.

Night fell, and as dark a night as an evil doer could wish. About nine o'clock, while I was trudging up and down the quarter deck with our captain, our eyes were dazzled by a flash, followed instantly by the report of a gun.

We stood still, thinking rather than saying: "What can be the meaning of that?" Presently there came another, another, and another of these ominous sounds. Our captain rushed off, and mustering all hands, gave orders to load all the guns and clear for action.

Man of peace though I was and am, I selected a cutlass, thinking that in an emergency it would be well to have a weapon for self-defence.

Thus armed, I regained the deck, and found that the firing, though less frequent was still going on.

"Fire right in amongst them!" was the fiery young mate's exhortation to our old captain.

"No, no!" replied the captain; "when we can distinguish friends from foes, we'll fire, but not till then."

At length the firing ceased, and darkness and silence returned. Still we retained the impression that pirates were somewhere close upon us, and that we must be on the alert, lest, as it is their custom, they should stealthily approach, clamber up the ship's stern and take us by surprise.

All that night the matches were kept lit, the men lay by their guns, and the captain and myself paced the deck. A weary, long night it seemed.

But day broke at last. Peering through its first gray light, we counted our junks and found them all there. But where was the stranger which the carpenter had pointed out as a pirate?

"There she is!" cried the mate, "hugging the shore and making her escape!"

The carpenter being called, was asked: "Is that the junk you pointed out last night?"

"Yes," was the quick reply.

Several guns were soon brought to bear on the fugitive. The word "Fire!" was given, and our first shot skipped along the waves, but fell short. The second was not more successful.

The third struck, and disabled the rover for a time; but she soon righted again, and stood away, beyond further annoyance from our shot.

The daylight being now clear, the captain ordered a boat to be lowered, and boarded one of our junks to inquire into the cause of last night's uproar.

He was told that the junk which had just sailed away had attacked one of our convoy, but had been beaten off with the loss of several men. And so ended our night of anxiety and suspense.

But do you not suppose, dear reader, that my story is ended; for on that same day we say a steamer rounding that headland which we had labored so hard to run round and had not been able. What steamer was she, or what was her errand to Mico bay, we know not.

On our arrival at our destination, however, we ascertained that the steamer in question was Her Majesty's ship Media; and that her mission to Mico bay was the destruction of a fleet of piratical junks, a mission which she most effectually accomplished.

Had we succeeded in our efforts to get into the anchorage of Mico bay, we and our convoy would probably have fallen a prey to the piratical fleet.

How simple it would be if a man's word were as good as his bond; if we never had to weigh it, and sift it, and see one man and another, and inquire about, and find out most rigidly whether it is true or not. If men's statements could be relied upon, and men could trust each other, what an impetus would be given to the world's progress.

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 3.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 22, '92. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—2.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.00 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.05, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.35, 7.50, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.07 (Dining car), 3.00, 6.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.35, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 8.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.34, 8.33, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 5.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom. 8.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, weekdays, 8.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 am. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1 00 Excursion train, 7 00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.01, 7.45, 8.15, 9 00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.55 a m, 4.31 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.05, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1 00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 6.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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